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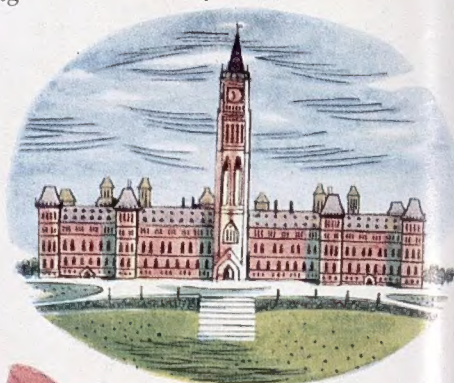
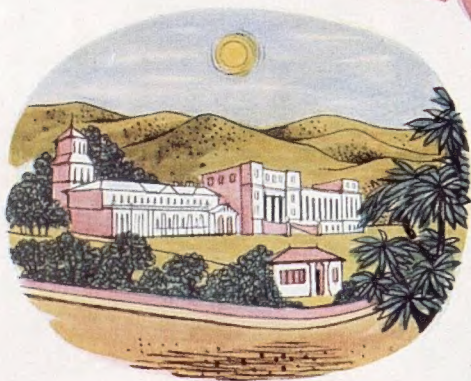
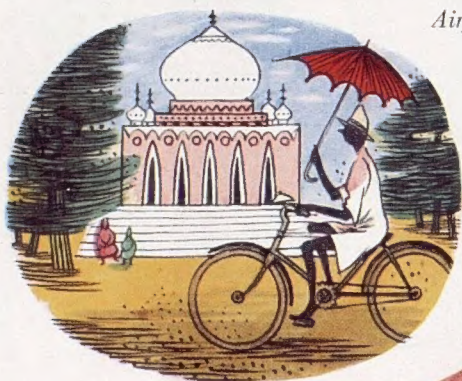
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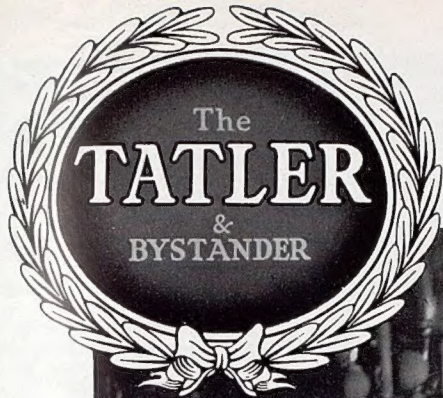
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MAR. 3
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F. J. Goodman

HAPPINESS BECKONED
TO PRINCESS SANDRA

DRESSED with the utmost elegant simplicity, Princess Sandra made a picture of youth and freshness at the magnificent ball given for her eighteenth birthday and début by her parents, Prince and Princess Torlonia di Civitella Cesi. This brilliant occasion, which brought to Rome a great number of her highly placed relations and friends, is described on pages 357-9

SENIOR STATESMAN WAS BALL PRESIDENT

FIVE hundred guests attended the Winter Ball at the Dorchester when Viscount Woolton, P.C., C.H., was the president and Lady (Elena) Bennett chairman. An excellent dinner was served and was followed first by speeches and then by dancing, while a richly filled tombola attracted considerable patronage



The reception committee were Lady (Elena) Bennett, O.B.E., Viscount Woolton, Viscountess Woolton, a vice-president, and Lady Maxwell Fyfe, vice-chairman. The ball was to raise funds to provide Tory organizers in the London area



Mr. M. Chapman-Walker and Mrs. Chapman-Walker on their way to join friends in the ballroom after dinner had been served



Arriving together were Maj.-Gen. L. O. Lyne, C.B., D.S.O., Lady Colman, a vice-president, and Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., hon. treasurer



Mr. Maurice G. Benjamin, Baroness d'Anethan, wife of the Attaché at the Belgian Embassy, and Maj.-Gen. L. B. Nicholls



Drinking a toast to the success of the occasion were Miss Margaret Currie, Mr. Bill Geffen, Miss Ann Butten and Mr. Philip Harrison



Mr. Brian Berridge, Miss Janice Cooper, Mr. Hugo Wood-Homer and Mrs. Berridge were another party enjoying cocktails in the bar

Gabor Denes



SIR OSWALD AND LADY BANCROFT are seen in their home on the Eastern Road, Nassau. Sir Oswald, a former Chief Justice, is President of the development of Andros Island and has recently been staying there with his wife, while furthering the scheme

Social Journal

Jennifer

A Prospect Across The Caribbean

JAMAICA: From Nassau, which I wrote about last week, I flew here in a B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser, landing at Montego Bay. Many of the passengers had come straight out from London, including Viscountess Ednam, who looked extremely smart even after a long journey. She was wearing a fawn wool coat with white spots over a silk blouse of the same shade, and long black trousers. Mrs. Thelma Cazalet-Keir was going to her house Out Of The Blue at Discovery Bay, where she had Mrs. Beatrice Moresby staying with her, and where Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone were expected to stay this month.

Miss Joyce Carey came on the plane to stay with Mr. Noel Coward, who was at the airport to meet her and drive her out to his house, Blue Harbour, right on the sea at Port Maria. Here he spends part of each winter and has a succession of his friends to stay. Yet although his guests are free to join in all the local social activities, he himself can spare time for very few. Work is his primary object while he is out here, and often visitors find a large notice "Man at Work" fastened on his door. His latest composition, the musical version of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, which is cast in the form of a light opera, will be seen in London this summer.

M^{R.} EVELYN BARING was another passenger, and on arrival went off to stay at Hermosa Beach. The Earl and Countess of Mansfield and their daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, joined the aeroplane at Bermuda, having made the first part of the journey from England by sea.

I motored straight from the airport seventy miles to Ocho Rios on the north coast, which is a well-cultivated and residential district where

there are some really beautiful homes. I stayed at the Shaw Park Hotel, which is one of the most delightful spots imaginable. The main body of the hotel was built round one of the oldest homes in Jamaica, and part of it, including the drawing-room, dates back to 1760. It is four hundred feet up on the mountainside, so is never too hot. There is a beautiful view far out over the Caribbean and overlooking the palm tree fringed bay of Ocho Rios with its silvery sandy beaches. I had a first floor room in the new wing, and I shall never forget breakfasting each morning with this view ahead, and just below the terraced lawns leading down to a swimming pool of fresh mountain water at the edge of the wood.

A PICTURESQUE landscape garden has been laid out all round on the hillside, dotted with bushes of deep red crotons, clumps of scarlet poinsettias, brilliant bougainvilleas, hibiscus and other flowers growing in profusion, and among all this, two magnificent waterfalls. Besides the bathing pool, the hotel has a private sandy beach about ten minutes away, with a comfortable beach house where a cold luncheon is served daily. Cars stand by at each end to take guests back and forth on a free service.

Last year Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell bought a big interest in Shaw Park, and are both giving it a tremendous amount of personal attention, making it a haven of rest and comfort. What I found surprising was that it is much more reasonable than so many other hotels in Jamaica or the Bahamas—in many cases half the charges elsewhere. When I spoke to Sir Harold about this before he flew off to Trinidad, he said they were determined to keep the prices down and the standard up—a splendid policy in these days of exorbitant charges. Sir Harold, who first came out here in 1936, has many business interests. They are not

only in Jamaica, where among his other activities he farms eight thousand acres and grows principally sugar, citrus, coconuts and raises cattle, but in Bermuda where he has a home, and in Canada and South America.

He is also a very staunch supporter of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and it was to join Sir Otto Lund, commandant-in-chief of the brigade, that he was flying to Trinidad. Here they were both going to attend meetings and inspections in connection with the St. John organization, and from there fly on to Guatemala for the same purpose.

S^{IR} OTTO had recently been staying with Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell at their beautiful old home, Prospect, high up in the hills above Ocho Rios, where the Prime Minister and Lady Churchill stayed when they visited Jamaica last winter. This is one of the most charming homes on the island. It is an enchanting and airy house, originally an old square fort which the Mitchells modernized without taking away any of its character, including the many "look outs" in the three foot thick walls, and has the most exceptional view, particularly from the glorious terraced garden.

When I lunched there with Lady Mitchell, two of the trees just below the house were brilliant splashes of orange. One was a Spathodia, or African tulip tree, and the other a Bois Immortelle, known locally as "boy immortal," which had been put in by a former Governor of Jamaica, Sir John Huggins, during a visit to Prospect. There was another Spathodia in the garden which had been put in by Princess Alice, and I saw a mahogany tree, which Sir Winston Churchill planted last year, growing very rapidly.

After lunch, which included what was to me a new and delicious sweet, an ice cream made from sorusop fruit which grows on the island, we went down to the Mitchells' private "Frankfort" beach, where the Prime Minister spent many hours painting. The beach house is an old fort cleverly converted, and a green grass lawn is laid out at one side right down to the water's edge. The sandy part of the beach has a big palm tree which provides plenty of shade.

★ ★ ★

L^{ATER} that day we motored over to have tea with Lord Brownlow at his Jamaican home, Roaring River. This was originally one of the many houses on the island put up by the late Sir John Pringle, who had a passion for building. The present owner has made many alterations, and divided it very cleverly inside to make several more rooms. Lord Brownlow has furnished it all with exquisite taste, using many lovely pieces he has brought out from England. Outside he has built a fine swimming pool, with cabana beside it. This, too, is charmingly furnished, and some superb sketches by Open hang on the walls. He has also laid out a blue garden to match the pool, on the other side of the barbecue, the cement platform for drying pimento berries which is a feature of most Jamaican homes. On this barbecue Lord Brownlow's crop of pimentos, grown on his farm, is dried each summer. It is a valuable crop, as the berries have

(Continued overleaf)



Roland Rose

THE HON. HAROLD G. CHRISTIE, a tireless civic leader in the Bahamas, relaxes in his Nassau home, Cascadilla



Regimental Corporal-Major Sallis drank a toast with Mr. and Mrs. Denis Daly and one of their young attendants, Thalia Fawcus. The bridegroom is the son of Major Bowes Daly of Co. Galway and Tanganyika and of Mrs. Diana Daly, of Chelsea

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

The New Plantations And Their Owners

a ready market both in Central Europe and Cuba, where they are used to make allspice.

This part of Jamaica is very fertile, and it was good to find that not only the people who have owned properties on the island for many years, but those who have gone out since the war, have mostly become "planters," and are farming their lands with care, and with modern scientific knowledge. They all have a "Busha" which we would call an overseer. He is always a coloured man, who understands the local labour, and has a certain amount of knowledge of growing the various crops. These crops include sugar, coconuts, the oil of which is a valuable export, and, of course, bananas, a quick growing and lucrative crop if carefully cultivated, but like the coconut subject to great loss in a hurricane.

I THOUGHT Roaring River was the loveliest of the many wonderful island homes I visited, and the land and the animals all looked very well cared for. Lord Brownlow's horses grazing in the field near the house had a bloom on their coats like a racehorse in England in June.

The Hon. Edward Cust was staying out there with his father for a few months before he begins his National Service, also the Hon. Reginald Winn. Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne, who had travelled out on a banana boat, have just left Roaring River.

There is always plenty to do in Jamaica, as besides riding and swimming, which are the two most popular recreations, there is another most exciting sport, carried on far out at sea beyond the reef. This is the lassoing of sharks from a boat. Mr. Ian Fleming, who was spending the winter months at his home out here with his wife, is, I am told, an expert at this sport. You can also have tremendous fun "rafting on the Rio Grande," or on expeditions up the Blue Mountains on mules.

There are also numerous polo grounds, and the game is very popular among residents, as it is not very expensive to play out here.

★ ★ ★

ON my second day on the island I spent an extremely interesting time with Major Douglas Vaughan in Iron Piece and Trouble Ground, two of the banana walks on his Brimmer Hall estates, which he has got working very efficiently. It was "banana day" which meant there was a banana boat at the wharf, and everyone in the district was cutting. Driving to Brimmer I passed lorries loaded with freshly cut stems of bananas from the big farms or from the smallholders, on their way to a depot. The smallholders' fruit was either in a donkey cart, laid across the back of a donkey in a form of pannier, or sometimes carried on the head of a man, or more often women. The great rush was on, to catch the boat. Usually the cutting takes place each week, but sometimes there is a bigger gap of ten days or a fortnight if a ship is not calling.

During the morning I saw how the trees are grown from suckers, how the fruit forms, and how it is cut and carried. I was amazed to find that when a stem of bananas (a good one has nine large hands or bunches) is gathered, the whole tree is cut down, and only the stump remains at about five feet. This is left to protect from the wind the new sucker which is growing up beside it and will in a few weeks be full grown and bearing fruit. The carrying part of the operation is remarkable, too, as one frequently sees a coloured girl or youth carrying two stems on their head, each weighing around forty pounds, and running with them from the tree to the spot where the Busha stands, where they are checked and graded for loading on to the lorry. Each carrier then collects



Mr. J. Lowndes, Major R. Stirling-Stuart, of Malmesbury, Wilts, the bride's father, and Mrs. Stuart French

WEDDING IN YORKSHIRE. When Miss Valerie Stirling-Stuart married Mr. Denis James Daly, Royal Horse Guards, the ceremony was at St. Mary's Church, Hornby. Later several hundred guests gathered at Bedale Hall for a reception

a ticket and runs back to get another load. Work usually begins at five a.m. and goes on until after midday.

Four and a half thousand stems of bananas were cut on the Brimmer Hall estates and loaded on the banana boat the day I was there.

MAJOR VAUGHAN afterwards took me down to the wharf to Oracabessa to see them loaded on to the banana ship for England. Here loads were coming in from all over the north side of the island, and again a careful grading and checking was carried out. Among those carrying out this part of the proceedings at the wharf were Mr. Walter de Lissar and his brother Carl who are members of a very big family well known on the island.

Major Vaughan and his lovely Belgian-born wife, and their three young children, came out from Worcestershire to make their home in Jamaica two and a half years ago. They, too, have modernized an old house and made a delightful home, but what is perhaps the most amazing and satisfactory result of their move is that Major Vaughan, who was so badly crippled by arthritis that he was more or less bedridden and could only walk with the aid of two sticks, has now made a complete recovery. He now walks as far and fast as anyone, rides, swims, and leads a very active life, as he is usually out on his farm at five a.m. and working until dusk.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER day I lunched with Mr. Michael Paton at his enchanting old Cardiff Hall which dates back several hundred years. He is farming hard, too, and specializes mostly in sugar. On our way we passed through the Richmond-Llandovery sugar estates which looked to be producing a wonderful crop, and in which he and his father have a big interest.

Among the guests at Cardiff Hall were Mr. and Mrs. John Menzies, who had flown out from their home in Scotland and were thoroughly enjoying a holiday in Jamaica. Later we went on to see Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove who owned Cardiff Hall until they sold it to Michael Paton, and built Hopewell where they now live. Mr. Blagrove's family is one of the oldest on the island and has lived here since the days of Oliver Cromwell. In his dining-room I saw the painting of another Blagrove family home, built in the Spanish style. This is Orange Valley which Mr. Blagrove sold a few years ago to the Marquess of Northampton.

Mr. Alan Tyldesley and his brother George have also built a very pleasant home, which they have named Unity, on Runaway Bay. They constructed it from the shell of the old wharf house belonging to Cardiff Hall, and outside they have retained much of the character of the old building. Inside



Mr. Peter Munster, the best man, of Manor House, Oxon, accompanied Lucia Viscountess Galway, of Serlby Hall, as they entered the reception room



The Earl of Dalkeith was in conversation with his mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, while his sister the Duchess of Northumberland stood by



Mrs. R. Stirling-Stuart, the hostess, whose home is Winterfield, Bedale, with Mr. R. W. Thompson, headmaster of Aysgarth

it is very comfortable and furnished with many pieces from their former home in Anglesey.

On evening dining at Shaw Park were Lord and Lady Ronald Graham, with Col. Donald Stuart and his attractive wife, who are busy building a house. Col. Stuart's mother started the house at Shaw Park and he is one of the present directors. He is having a very roomy-looking house built nearby.

The Bishop of Jamaica and his wife Mrs. Dale were spending the night at Shaw Park and dining with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Abel-Smith, who were out in Jamaica for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hall, who had come out by sea from their home at Lyndhurst, had Lady Palmer with them, who was also thoroughly enjoying the trip. Her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Palmer, were she told me staying with friends in California, and had written to say they were having a wonderful holiday. I also met the Countess of Munster who was off the next morning to stay with the Governor and Lady Foot at the House, Kingston, for the weekend, then returning to Shaw Park for another fortnight.

One day I called on Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Jones at their new home, Content Hill. They had only just arrived and were busy settling in, and are going to spend the next couple of months there before returning to Perots Island, their

home in Bermuda. I also enjoyed a very cheerful luncheon party with Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Pass and the Earl and Countess of Mansfield at Coconut Grove which they had taken jointly for a couple of months, as they did two years ago. Also lunching were Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Sewell and his sister Mrs. Corbett who had motored over from their family home, Arcadia, at Duncans, a fine property which has belonged to the Sewell family for several generations. Major Sewell's father, General Sewell, died recently and everyone in the district is hoping that Major Sewell and his charming young wife will be able to settle out here and carry on the property.

AFTER luncheon we had planned to watch the polo and a gymkhana at Draxhall Club, St. Anne's, but even in the West Indies the weather can upset one's plans and we had to abandon our project owing to torrential rain. Instead I went with Lord and Lady Mansfield, their daughter Lady Malvina Murray and the Hon. Caroline Barrie, who was staying with them, to see the house which they have built and called Cheireras at Ocho Rios. This is also built high, with a splendid view out over the sea. It has been cleverly designed and will make a lovely home. The Mansfields are not planning to live in it until next winter and are busy this year getting it furnished while they are there to supervise. Lord

Mansfield is already growing coconuts successfully on the farm, and has done much to improve the land around the house.

The rain that afternoon was followed by a "Norther," a gale blowing through a warm, humid atmosphere which continued for nearly forty-eight hours.

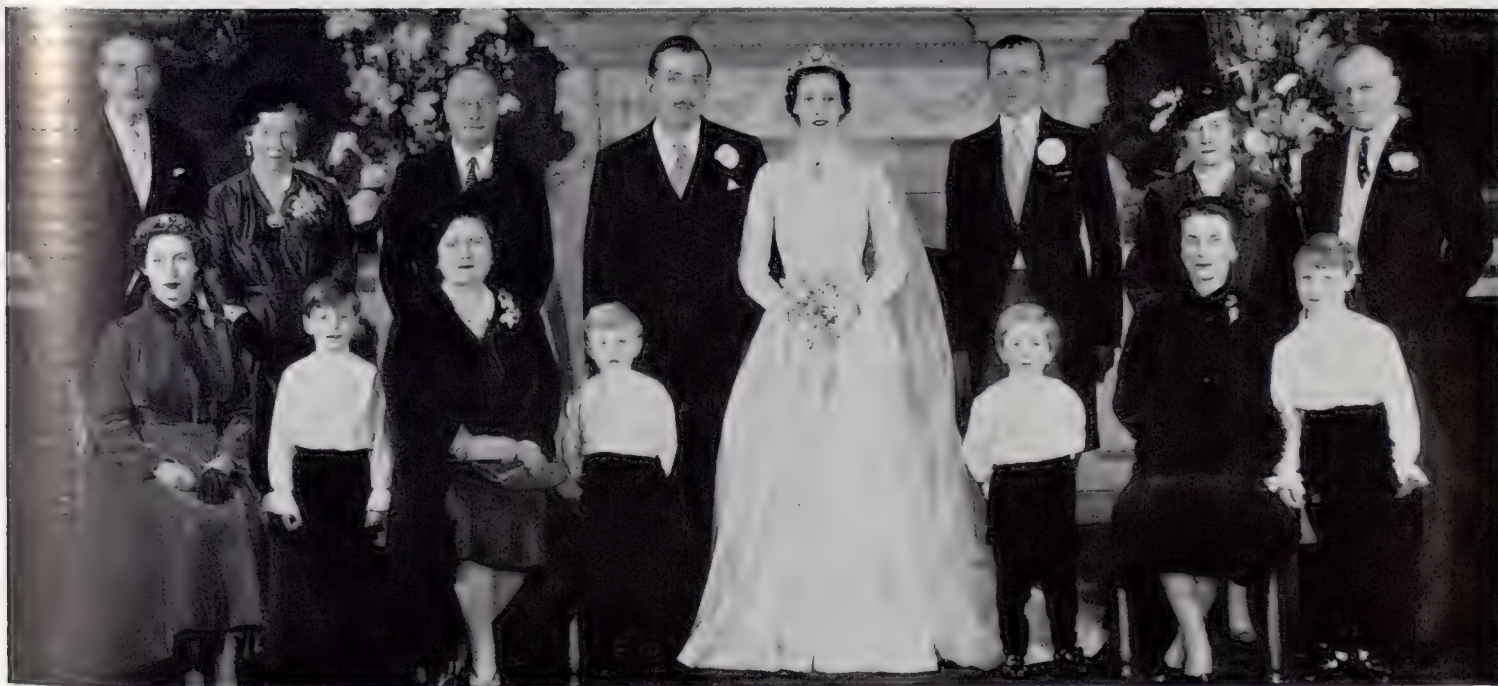
After five interesting days in this part of Jamaica I left for a few days at Montego Bay on my way home, of which I will write next week.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE I left Nassau I flew over to Andros, one of the outer islands of the Bahamas, which is also being developed. We made our journey in a Grumman Widgeon, an amphibian plane belonging to Bahamas Airways, a subsidiary of B.O.A.C.

So far the greatest progress in building on the island has been made around the harbour at Fresh Creek, where several yachts were moored. Here there is a small yacht club, where we later enjoyed an excellent lunch with Mrs. Robert Holt, who had also flown over from Nassau with her sister, Mrs. Stewart Molson, and her pretty débutante daughter, Katharine Molson, who were staying with her from Montreal, as also is Mrs.

(Continued overleaf)



THE QUEEN MOTHER, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were among the guests when Lady Elizabeth Lumley married Major the Hon. Christopher Beckett. The group shows (in front) the Princess, Michael Thomson-Glover, the Queen Mother, Richard Bethell, Bruce Dundas, the Duchess of Gloucester and Mark Egerton and (behind) Lord Grimthorpe, bridegroom's father, the Countess of Scarbrough, bride's mother, the Duke of Gloucester, the bridegroom and bride, Major Llewellyn-Palmer, best man, Mary Lady Grimthorpe, bridegroom's mother, and the Earl of Scarbrough, bride's father

Lenarc



Good Performances Were Seen In The Coursing Classic—The Waterloo Cup—Held At Altcar, Near Liverpool

Mrs. E. Venables, Mrs. G. Holman, Mrs. E. Baxter and Sir Richard Burbidge, Bt., brought their shooting sticks with them. Winner of the trophy was Mr. Tom Noble's Cotton King

The Earl of Sefton, president, Mr. Vincent Routledge, Lord Kenyon, the honorary secretary, and Mr. B. Harcourt-Wood waited for the judges to announce a decision

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

The Entertainments Of Andros

Bishop, wife of the great Canadian flyer, Air Marshal Li hop, V.C.

There is also the new Lighthouse Club on the island, a most luxurious country club, with swimming pool, indoor and outdoor restaurant, cool and airy recreation rooms which have been cleverly decorated, and about twenty bedrooms.

A few roads are being made on Andros, but so far there are only a small number of private residences. Outstanding among these is the house which Mrs. Audrey Pleydell-Bouverie has built. This is designed around a cool patio. Her large, airy living-room has most restful dark blue walls. Outside the house is painted the palest grey with yellow shutters, and makes a charming picture, set as it is in a very pretty garden.

Although Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie has not been there long, her garden is already vivid with colour. Her flower beds and flowering trees all look very healthy and are the pride of their owner, who is a keen gardener.

★ ★ ★

MRS. JEAN GARLAND is a near neighbour of Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, and was expected to stay in the house that has been built for her early in March. This also promises to be a most attractive home near the sea, but so far the garden has had nothing done to it, as Mrs. Garland wanted to plan it herself during her stay.

Another new house on the island is the pale pink and white one built by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sigris, which has perhaps the best position of all, right on the point of the creek. The Sigris have a most beautiful home in Nassau overlooking the golf course, where they entertain an endless stream of friends. These should have included Sir Miles and Lady Thomas, but Sir Miles had to cancel their trip as he would not leave England for any length of time until the Comets were in the air again.

Sir Francis and Lady Peek have also had many friends staying with them at their charming old house, Tamarind, in the town. Here they have recently built a fine swimming pool, with a long, cool terrace adjoining, its ceiling covered with branches of a passion fruit tree, which gives perfect shade when they lunch out there. Sir Francis

Peek's mother, Edwine. Lady Peek, has been out in Nassau for the first time this winter. She spent a month with her son and daughter-in-law, and then moved for another month to a nearby hotel.

Lord Beaverbrook was at his Nassau home for some weeks, and his son the Hon. Max Aitkin, with his wife, had been out to visit him there early in the New Year. He was hoping that his granddaughter, Lady Jeanne Campbell, would come out to stay with him at the end of February. Lord Beaverbrook, like Lord and Lady Iliffe, who were at their Nassau home, lives very quietly out here and does not enter into the round of social engagements which become so numerous during the season.



H.E. THE NEPALESE AMBASSADOR and the Rani Shanker awaited their guests at a party at the Embassy to celebrate Nepal's National Day

Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley were also spending a peaceful and very quiet holiday this year. They had let their Nassau house and were staying at the British Colonial. Lady Kemsley's daughter, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, stayed first of all with Princess Radziwill, and later went on as a guest of the Peeks. Lord and Lady Bruntisheld and their two small children were living in a cottage just beyond the golf course.

★ ★ ★

THE Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava came with her host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Bryce, to the Bahamian Club on the Saturday evening, a day which always marks a social rendezvous, when everyone has to be in evening dress. Many couples were dancing to a very good band in the restaurant where small tables are arranged around the dance floor, and others were trying their luck at roulette in the adjacent tiny casino, which I was told is the only one in the British Commonwealth.

I saw Mr. Rory and Lady Elisabeth More O'Ferrall, who came with their host, Mr. James Dugdale, who has a house right on the sea on nearby Hog Island. The Hon. Geoffrey Russell, who was staying on Hog Island with his mother-in-law, Lady Baillie, also came in for a short while. His wife flew out from England to join him a few days later. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, the latter wearing a blue mink stole over her green organza dress, came in with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wentworth. They had just landed for two nights on their way from Bermuda to Jamaica, and were staying with Comte and Comtesse de Fregonniere at their house near Fort Montague.

At the Bahamian Club they joined a party including Mr. Robin McAlpine, who had arrived from England by air that day, Miss Gypsy Lawrence who has got a delightful small house in Nassau this winter, and Mr. Harold Christie, who had just given a most enjoyable dinner party at his home, Breezy Ridge, where guests were entertained after dinner to calypsos, and Bahamian songs were sung and played by Snow, a well-known local singer.

Doris Lady Orr-Lewis was at the club, also Miss Eileen Karrie-Davies, and Mr. and Mrs. Neil McTaggart.

ONE afternoon in Nassau I was taken to the opening of an exhibition of Bahamian paintings, held in aid of the Bahamas branch of the Red Cross. The ceremony was performed by Lady Soloman, who takes an active interest in this admirable organization.

The paintings included some underwater studies by Dennis Hickman, several pleasant pictures by Alan Scott and some charming paintings including one of a famous Bahamian beauty spot "The Queen's Staircase," by Don Russell, who has been studying in America and is now going to start an art school in Nassau for the coloured people.



Having an amusing talk during a pause in the dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Scott, Miss Patricia Stratton and Mr. David Oliphant



A leisurely glass of wine after their meal was greatly enjoyed by Mr. William Weatherall, Mr. Jhon Olivier, Miss Anne Locker, of Salisbury, and Miss Elisabeth Buckley, of Shaftesbury



In a decorative corner of the club the Rev. Douglas Bean, Mrs. and Mr. Reginald May and Mrs. Bean were chatting together



Midnight supper for Miss Jane Hebblethwaite, Mr. Ben Hanbury and Mr. Geoffrey Wilson, who were with their hostess Miss Robin Harford

NEIGHBOURS AT GALA EVENING OF THE TEDWORTH HUNT

MANY members of neighbouring packs were present when the Tedworth gave their annual ball in the beautiful rooms of the Officers Club, Tidworth, Salisbury Plain. Guests included the Earl and Countess of Cardigan and Gen. Sir Brian and Lady Horrocks



Ben Butler, first whip of the Tedworth, was standing by a magnificent Georgian fireplace with Mr. Monty Read, the joint-Master, and Mrs. H. Horton, who so ably organized the ball



Lt.-Col. R. C. Robin, Grenadier Guards, winner of the race for Earl Cavan's Cup, leaving the unsaddling enclosure after the event. He had been riding his gelding Cronan. Lt.-Col. Robin hunts with the Belvoir

SUNSHINE AT LARKHILL FOR SERVICE 'CHASES

WHEN the United Services Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at Larkhill, the day dawned fine and sunny, a "larger than ever" crowd gathering in the enclosures overlooking Salisbury Plain. Entries were good in the five events, the Coronation Cup, presented by the Queen last year, attracting enough runners to need two starting gates



G/Capt. P. W. Stansfeld, Mrs. Stansfeld and Mrs. H. K. Roncoroni watched from their car as the Adjacent Hunts' race was run



Mrs. Tulloch, Mr. Bill Tulloch, on leave from the Colonial service in Africa, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, an acting steward, and Brig. D. D. C. Tulloch, newly appointed G.O.C. Singapore, a race committee member



Two of the younger spectators, Anne and Christopher Barnes, were on their way to the paddock with Mrs. B. H. P. Barnes and Mrs. R. P. Harding



Lady Nicholson, wife of General Sir Cameron Nicholson, Adjutant-General to the Forces, presented the Prince of Wales Cup to Mr. A. J. C. White, Royal Artillery, who rode his Golden Ray III to victory



Miss Grenfell and Lady Katharine Dawnay watched Maj.-General D. Dawnay's horse being saddled for the second race



Capt. J. F. T. Wheen, R.A., and Mrs. Wheen were on the rails to see the parade of runners before he competed in the Prince of Wales Cup



On a wagon grandstand were Mrs. B. Buller-Popham, Miss M. Buller-Popham, Mrs. Wells, Col. G. C. Wells, M.C., Col. J. H. Slade-Powell, who rode his Another Lover in the United Services Maiden Race, and Mrs. Slade-Powell

Desmond O'Neill

AT THE RACES

A "Windy" Poser

• Sabretache •

THE prophets' opinions as to what happened to the Grand National horses in the recent long-distance chase at Leopardstown were so conflicting, so far as the professional soothsayers were concerned, that perhaps one from a non-professional may be interesting. "The Linx" is only just a friend who goes racing very assiduously in Ireland. He says "don't back Coneyburrow in your G.N. He won't stay the course." That at any rate is very definite! All the witnesses have agreed that Coneyburrow was "very tired" at the finish.

It would be rather surprising if he had not been, at the end of three miles five furlongs in real Irish mud; but that does not sound like the end of the story. He has not had that larynx operation first thought of and performed by those two German vets the Gunthers, and subsequently copied by many others. Nowadays it is a more or less quite simple one. It soon stops a horse "roaring" and is not in any way connected with any lung trouble, having merely to do with some slight obstruction in the throat. No one would be so silly as to try to teach any Irish vet his job.

PROBABLY Coneyburrow's success in our Sefton decided his Irish connections to chance it; but I feel convinced that this little infirmity may have stopped him at Leopardstown and that my Irish correspondent is therefore right about the National. I hope for the owner's sake that we are all wrong, but even a slight interference with the respiration cannot but be a disadvantage in such a long-sustained effort as the Grand National. I believe that but for this, Coneyburrow is quite class enough and a good enough jumper to win; the "but" however is a big one in my opinion. As Knock Hard does not go at Aintree and I think would certainly fall if he did, we need not bother our heads about him any further. As to the Gold Cup at Cheltenham, I cannot help repeating what I have already said in a previous note that, on the book, there cannot be any danger to Galloway Braes, though this is a very rash thing to venture about any steeplechase anywhere.

I do not think that Knock Hard has yet learnt to jump well enough to be relied upon. He is a horse with brilliant speed, and he has shown that he can jump the Cheltenham course, which is distinctly a cut above the average park entertainment. Many people believe that he will win the Gold Cup without any difficulty. I do not, and I think that, bar accidents, both Galloway Braes and Mont Tremblant will finish in front of him, and that the former is as near a racing certainty as anything can be.

To bet on the Lincoln is just as hazardous as betting on any steeplechase, especially after the long frost which has put so many trainers' time-tables out of gear. Time once lost can never be found again, and it is cruel luck on those who have to work to a very exact schedule that this winter should have treated us so harshly. There is still plenty of time for "Old Joe's Finals" about the Lincoln and the National, but I expect and hope that Lord Rosebery will win the former, and that in the National the ones most likely to be in the front row of the stalls are Early Mist, Royal Tan, Wigby and Ordance, the last not being a popular fancy at the moment.





POLICY ESTABLISHED Tony Lack (Michael Gough) and Mary and Christopher Terriford (Faith Brook and Michael Goodliffe) refuse to change their minds in spite of the political persuasions of the Prime Minister (Laurence Naismith)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustrations
by Emmwood]

At the Theatre

"The Burning Glass" (Apollo)

MR. CHARLES MORGAN's third play is a distinguished specimen of the Higher Melodrama. It states an important idea controversially and illustrates the statement with exciting action. The characters are, with one notable exception, either pure white or pure black. The story draws its tension partly from sensational situations of the kind often used in popular science fiction, and partly from the pressure on the simplified characters of a moral problem which is treated with great seriousness.

It is a problem of conscience, of different sorts of responsibility. What should a man do who has stumbled by chance on a method of concentrating the heat of the sun to a point at which it will produce either terrifying lethal or enormously beneficent power? The sole responsibility of deciding this question has been thrust on a disinterested scientist.

NOW Christopher Terriford happens to see people much as Mr. Morgan himself sees them. We are all children. We are tolerably well meaning children unless we are totalitarians. The good children would be foolish not to protect themselves by every possible means from the bad, but (and this is where we shall not all see comfortably eye to eye with young Mr. Terriford) even the good children must be protected from themselves.

They are always wanting more ease at the cost of less effort. They may be corrupted by the so-called miracles of science. Terriford is nothing if not severely paternal. He decides that only in the event of war will he release the dangerous force under his control. He will never unleash it on a world at peace because the corruption of life—so he believes—is a greater evil than war itself.

While Terriford and his wife and his mother (all unfortunately very similar aspects of the same way of thinking) are waiting for the Prime Minister the play is in some danger of appearing a rather too gentle exercise in moral dialectics. But with the coming of the Prime Minister the play takes on a new resonance and momentum. He is, as Mr. Laurence Naismith presents him, a most impressive stage figure. He looks like an F. C. Gould cartoon of the Victorian Lord Salisbury and he has the tremendous air of an even more familiar personage.

He has come to shoulder the special responsibility which the problem raises for the statesman. He is willing to believe that mankind is not yet morally qualified to handle the new power, but whether it comes from Providence or from the Devil it has created a crisis which cannot be shirked.

TERRIFORD's responsibility is to his private conscience; but the statesman's responsibility is to the nation, and he is ready to take the burden of decision on himself. When he has been denied the power but offered the use of it in the event of war he is satisfied. He cannot force the secret out of an unwilling mind, and he respects the scientist's belief that the Devil may be in the new toy. The adjustment of the two sorts of responsibility is a brilliant piece of theatre, and it is the making of the play.

We are carried excitingly through the rest of the melodrama—the kidnapping of the scientist, the struggle of his wife in his absence to use his secret as he would have wished it used, the averting by a narrow margin of time of World War Three, and the scientist's return. The real story is over then, and there is still another scene. This is not particularly well managed, but it just serves.

The weakness of the play is that Mr. Morgan has introduced an unsatisfactory love theme as a secondary plot. His heroine has quite enough to do as her husband's representative arguing ethics with the formidable Prime Minister, and should not be burdened with the reckless love-making of a man for whose desperate sense of secondariness she feels sorry.

SHE has to stand like a block of ice within his wild embrace and, through a mirror, calmly to watch him take poison. She is altogether too right-minded and too heroic to be passed off by Miss Faith Brook as a human being. Mr. Michael Gough does well with the frayed and nervous edges of the man, even in his most unlikely phases. Mr. Michael Goodliffe, Mr. Robert Speaight and Miss Dorothy Green are forced to play in black or white. Only Mr. Naismith's Prime Minister lives with the full vehemence of life.



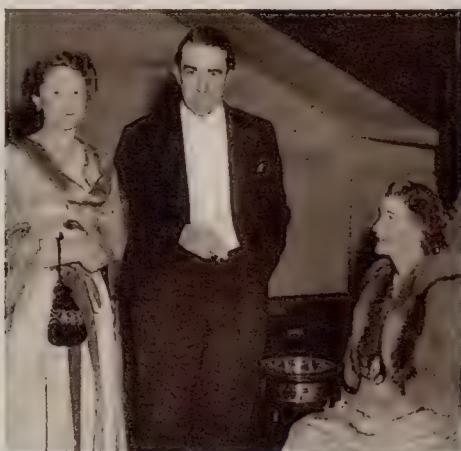
LORD HENRY STRAIT (Basil Dignam) has his doubts about the outcome of this invention



At supper together were Mr. J. Temple, Mrs. P. Barclay, Mr. G. W. Brocklehurst, Brig. P. Barclay, Mrs. Temple and Mrs. Brocklehurst



Mrs. A. Cassir, Mr. T. W. Scott and Mrs. A. Dixon laughed at an amusing story of the hunting field



Mrs. Michael Higgin, Mr. C. C. Lamb and Mrs. Lamb waited in the hall for the rest of their party

THE CHESHIRE FOREST HUNT were the hosts at their annual hunt ball given at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester. A large number of guests were present, who at the end congratulated the organisers on an exceptionally enjoyable evening



Mr. D. Wright, Mrs. A. T. Greenway, Miss J. Golba, Mrs. D. Sandlin, Mr. D. Sandlin and Mr. A. T. Greenway sat out in one of the rooms adjoining the dance floor

London Limelight



Cornelia Otis Skinner, with some of the creations of her fantasy

The 'Nineties in the Shade

POLITENESS is the best tribute one can offer to Paris '90, Cornelia Otis Skinner's one-woman ramble through the Toulouse-Lautrec period at the St. Martin's. A little polite snigger for outmoded ideas on what is *risqué*, a courteous smile for a transatlantic and dog-eared edition of *La Vie Parisienne*, and some respectful applause for the zeal required to effect so many changes of costume. After this comes the inevitable sigh at the spectacle of so much energy exercised with so little effect.

Miss Skinner is a performer of attainment and can, on occasion, write with wit. This time the wit is stultifyingly absent and the dynamo of personality distressingly overstrained. Inevitably this presentation reminds the audience of the film *Moulin Rouge*, but its admirers are bound to feel that Madame Zsa Zsa Gabor is not challenged as an actress nor need Mlle. Marchand feel disturbed by any rivalry for her sense of period.

THERE are very few recognisable masters in one's own time. Even Nijinsky's reputation is greater as a legend than it was when he was at the height of his power. The exception is Antonio, the Spanish dancer, now at the Stoll with his company, whose zapataedo is one of those experiences to be treasured boastfully for one's memoirs. With him is a new flamenco dancer, Flora Albaicin, and a number of other talented exponents of that art.

The virtue of the flamenco out of Spain is that one sees the cream of the dancers, and is not entertained by a single family in which Mama still does more than her share, and all of her vast brood have to be given their turn, despite the fact that the true discovery is a very young nephew allowed to perform on sufferance.

"**OLD VIC PREFACES**," sub-titled "Shakespeare and the Producer," are the collected lectures spoken by Hugh Hunt to his team of actors during his spell of office with that theatre, and now put into print. These are just due to appear from Routledge and Kegan Paul. Here Mr. Hunt shows his personal approach to the various plays and gives his reasons for this or that particular interpretation.

This is all fascinating, for the producer is both learned and opinionated, which is a very proper state. To each play he appends a postscript, including a résumé of the verdict, which is where I find matter for regret. Mr. Hunt tells us nothing of his human problems, and with such a team of personalities they must have been considerable. How did he deal with, say, a Mercutio who outdid Romeo in style and charm? Or a powerful Hamlet who altered the graph of emotion during the run of the play? Maybe discretion makes such an epilogue impossible. But what a pity.

—Youngman Carter



TEST PILOTS ON THE CRESTA. *F/Lt. C. N. C. Mitchell, Cresta Run expert, was giving a few words of advice to three other test pilots, S/Ldr. Neville Duke, who was about to "take off" for a trial run, S/Ldr. Leslie Colquhoun, and Lt.-Cdr. Mike Lithgow, R.N. (retd.)*

Talk Around the Town

A MAN I know has sold to an American—or hopes that he has—what he describes as a pre-Adam mantelpiece.

This is the sort of art export which I feel should be encouraged.

For too many centuries have we shivered in our homes because English architects have confused radiation with decoration.

The surround of the English so-called "fireplace" became a microcosm of the building itself, which is a pleasant enough fancy—seen on a warm day, or in a museum.

I suppose the most beautiful of the stoves used in the northern parts of the Continent come from Vienna or Dresden. One of these would be worth importing—if I had a country house with a large hall.

Only one thing is possibly worse than the English fireplace: the type of radiators favoured by French hotels. After all, a

fireplace does not make awful sounds all through the night.

★ ★ ★

OCCASIONAL visits to the auction rooms this winter suggest that the strange market in indifferent pictures is being well maintained.

They are mostly bought by foreign dealers, working on the principle that a Dutch picture, for instance, can fetch more from a visitor in Holland than it can in England.

It is odd to see the "Rembrandts" and "Rubens" and "Titians" being knocked down for a few guineas. The supply seems endless. Most of them, one dealer told me, came from Birmingham—but whether he meant that in a derisive sense, or that they were painted there, he would not say.

I fancy that most of them come from the over-large mansions of Victorian merchants, when pictures had to be bought by acreage to cover the walls.



MR. GERALD BOAK, R.A.F. Association secretary, talking with F/Lt. Mitchell, who won the Curzon Cup, the premier Cresta award, for Britain

Probably the briskest market in "works of art" at the moment is in furniture and silverware.

Last week at Sotheby's they were selling furniture from a number of richly-stocked households, among them those of Lord Carnarvon, Lord Perth, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, Lord Derwent and Lady Lee of Fareham. Within a day there was up for auction more furniture and carpets from the homes of several others, including Lord Stanhope.

It is dangerous to try reading too deep a social significance into all these sales; Christie's, in particular, did good business for a century before there was any need to capture dollars, or to sell up noblemen's estates for taxation.

One sale last week was a case of putting back into circulation works of art but recently acquired. This was the collection of silverware belonging to the late Mr. Alan Good, who had so meteoric a financial career, and died a comparatively young man only a year ago.

There are pieces and pictures which have been making regular appearances in the London auction rooms for many years past.

★ ★ ★

MEN are paying dearly for the privilege of a last few refuges from women.

It is not news that, with a few happy exceptions, no West End club exclusively male is paying its way to-day. Held chiefly to blame is the Catering Wages Act, which, despite the wartime "no controversial legislation" agreement, was passed largely as a sop to Mr. Ernest Bevin.

Its complicated working falls unduly hard on clubs, which also suffer such impositions as having their staff Christmas funds taxed; whereas taxation of a restaurant's tips is very lax.

The few exceptions are clubs which built up reserves in happier times. The Bath, for instance, which grew to prosperity with dual man-and-woman membership in the days when it had a swimming-bath.

Yet there are clubs making money in the West End. I was talking with the owner of a successful one recently. Although it has a mixed membership, there are always far more men in this club than women. And there is a bigger emphasis on food (some club food remains worse than indifferent) and decoration.

Somewhere between these two types there must be a formula for a club not so well endowed with mixed facilities as, for example, the R.A.C.



PROBLEM PLAY

With our applied psychiatry
A broken heart need never be
Abruptly lethal; now its role
Is merely to expose the soul
For stage dissection. Oft we crave
A whiff of commonsense to save
That tediously-contended day—
But then, of course, there 'd be no play.

—Jean Stanger

THE wholesale massacre of trees in Kensington Gardens seems to have set people everywhere chopping down oaks, planes and elms, just as if some terrible new plague were threatening the country's arboriculture.

If they are going to dig garages under our most beautiful squares, London pride might as well say good-bye to its trees for a century or so.

"They are in a dangerous state," says a keeper in Hyde Park. In what way "dangerous"?

It is hardly likely that people would be strolling about the parks in a gale sufficient to tear down a tree. If, of course, trees in a bad state are bordering the public highway—that is a different matter.

The prospect of London after Whitehall has fashioned it to its own likeness gives me the shivers.

★ ★ ★

HE is a professional man with a considerable reputation, and when I met him again I talked as if he were still in his profession.

Then he told me how he gave it up.

His wife suddenly began to make money in a rather big way. They were assessed for income tax together. It was not long before he found that his own labours netted him about £2 a week. Why bother to go on? He had been at it for over thirty years, his children were grown up. So he decided to travel about the world. And he does so by doing certain work for a big shipping company.

"I choose the smaller ships to travel in," he said. "Not too many passengers, with longer stays in port, so that one has a chance of getting away into the country itself."

"I've been two years doing it now, and I suppose, after another year, my wife and I will settle down together again. It's been rather fun only seeing each other every two or three months—fun for a time."

A friend told me of another man who made a decision to break away from his profession.

He bought a caravan and goes about the country mending old jewellery and the like. He appears to do well out of it in the shires.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE often thought that I would like to be a London guide for a day, or perhaps just for an afternoon.

Now I come to think of it, I have been a guide on occasion to visitors from across the Atlantic, but never have I had much of a chance to air my store of useless information.

Contrary to the belief that visitors want principally to see historic sites, my experience has been that it is information about the Burkle Hotel, Cook's, the American Express, and a ticket for one of the current Broadway musical comedies that they most desire.

All this has come from reading through an examination paper for London guides set by the British Travel Association and marked with, I hope, the 100 per cent. correct answers.

One question I should certainly fail.

"What is the official scale of taxi charges in London?" My only answer to that might be, "Dreadful, absurd and too high," together with such expletives as were suitable to the sex of the examiner.

The orthodox answer is: "First ¼th mile is. 3d. First 7½ minutes waiting, is. 3d. For each additional ¼th mile and additional 2½ minutes waiting time, 3d. Flat rate of 6d. for each additional passenger."

I hope the Civil Servant who concocted this scale, which even the taxi-drivers themselves think absurd, has to wait a long time in a bus queue every night, with a taxi-rank in front of him.

BOOKS which lack an identifying date of publication can be the bane of historical writers, but to the casual reader they often afford an interesting puzzle.

I picked up a slender volume called *The Newspaper*, by a Mr. Binney Dibblee—in a condition which suggested it came from the sixpenny box of a second-hand bookseller.

It was a serious treatise on newspapers in general, but so phrased that one could not make out when it was published.

Then I came on this: "*The public is so infatuated with the early stages of a war and so bored and incapable of serious interest in it after a few weeks.*"

I am still not sure of the book's date, but would put it about 1913, when the Balkan wars were with us.

—Gordon Beckles



Sitting Out at the R.A.F. Association Ball given at Davos to Aid ex-Servicemen in Swiss Sanatoria

Mrs. Scott, Cdr. (E) G. A. Hewett, D.S.C., Assistant Naval Attaché in Rome, and W/Cdr. R. C. E. Scott, A.F.C., who is British Air Attaché at Berne

Miss Sarah Mount-Hall was in a party with Capt. and Mrs. W. E. P. Saunders at the Palace Hotel, where this good ball took place

Lady Lamb, wife of the British Ambassador to Switzerland, was comparing her luck in the draw with that of Mr. Thorley Walters



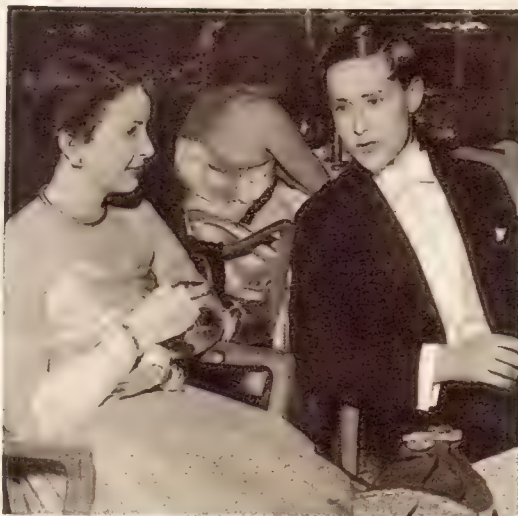
A member of the Stock Exchange XV., Mr. E. D. M. Taylor, watched from the balcony with Miss J. Pulsford



Mrs. W. Foley and Mrs. Keith Cook (right), a visitor from Melbourne, listened as Mr. W. Foley, President of the London Irish R.F.C., went over some of the finer points of the afternoon's game

MAYFAIR BALL ENDED GREAT RUGGER DAY

FOLLOWING the England v. Ireland match at Twickenham, more than 1,000 Rugger enthusiasts gathered in the great room at Grosvenor House for their annual ball. The occasion was organised jointly by six clubs, Blackheath, Richmond, London Irish, London Scottish, Harlequins and Rosslyn Park, and it was not until 1 a.m. that the tired but happy guests departed



Miss Gaile Longden drank a glass of champagne with Sub-Lt. Henry Hurrell, R.N., during an interval in the dancing



Two of the President's guests: Mrs. Vaughan-Fowler and S/Ldr. P. E. Vaughan-Fowler, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.



Mr. E. Ogilvy, who added a colourful touch to the scene with the kilt, was at the bar with Mlle. D. O. Loehry



Brig. H. L. Glyn Hughes, chairman of the ball, with Mrs. C. D. Aarvold, wife of the former English international



Lt.-Col. Kingsley Collett, a member of Blackheath R.F.C., sat next to Mrs. T. G. P. Crick at the dinner-table



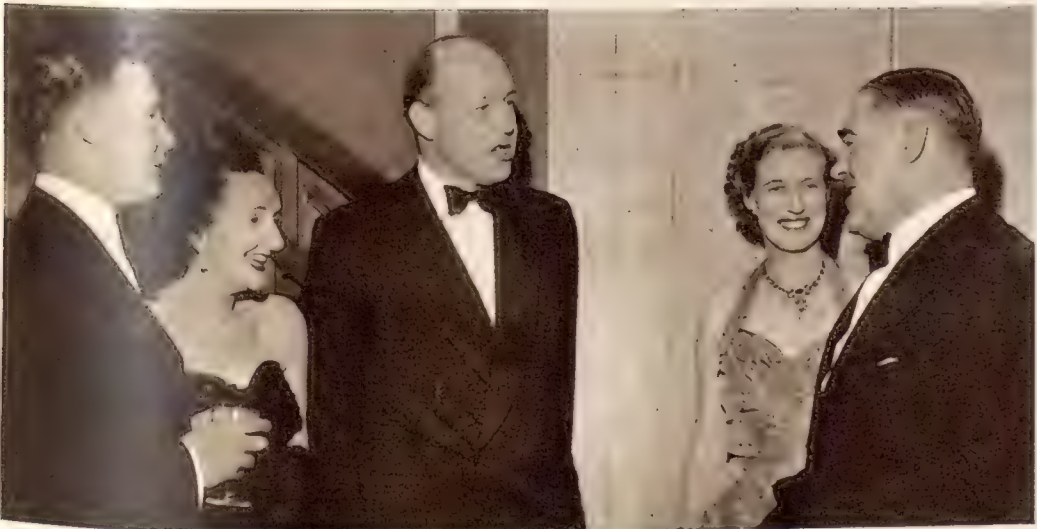
Watching the set reels from a good viewpoint were Mr. Norman Martin, Mrs. Frank Byrne, Mrs. Norman Martin and Mr. Frank Byrne, who had come over from Ireland with his wife



Miss Mary McDowell was partnered by Dr. J. de Winter, while the band played a quickstep during the early part of the evening



A member of the committee and of the London Irish, Major J. L. C. Dillon danced with Miss Elizabeth Brooke-Pike



Van Hallan

Discussing a most enjoyable afternoon were Mr. Frank Bisgood, secretary, Richmond R.F.C., Mrs. J. C. Hunter-Brown, Mr. John Megaw, president, Richmond R.F.C., Mrs. Megaw and Mr. R. H. O'Brien, president, Middlesex R.F.U.



DINING OUT

England (cooks) v. the Rest

AN English philanthropist is backing a party of English cooks in a Continental contest to be held at Berne in May.

His choice of the foods upon which the cooks will practise their art seems to me an extremely sound one.

He is taking with the party some grouse (perforce in cold storage since last year), Scotch salmon, soles from Dover (or for that matter, any part of the Channel), Surrey chickens, Aylesbury ducks and best halibut.

The cooks will also deal with steak-and-kidney pies (made with mushrooms), deep apple tarts, Maids of Honour tartlets and tipsy cake, or trifle.

I applaud the deep apple tart. And would add a treacle one.

May is not the best of months. It is too early for English strawberries, without rival in the world. Nor, on the whole, are there better green vegetables anywhere—until, of course, they get into the hands of a "sound English cook."

One point arises: how many of the West End restaurants catering to visitors can claim a wholly English cuisine? Very few.

SMELTS (at the Mirabelle, Mayfair).—

We reverse the name of a restaurant and one of its specialities for once. The smelt has been out of fashion; perhaps because of the war? It is a whiting-ish sort of fish in taste, found at the mouths of rivers, although it never goes upstream like salmon trout. Comes mostly from such places as Yarmouth, the Medway and Holland. Its French name is more elegant—*Eperlan*. And it can be quite delicious if treated like an aristocratic white-bait: in breadcrumbs, *au gratin* or just grilled. If you are dining at home, you will find they are not expensive, as fish goes to-day.

My note about a bottle of Château Mouton-Rothschild raised a question of how many châteaux there are in the Bordeaux country.

Of that class of Medoc there are perhaps a score or so.

But the number of châteaux around and about the Gironde River is legion; perhaps not quite that, but the figure runs to something like 300. Then there are the St. Emilions, the Pomerols, the Sauternes and Barsacs—perhaps another 300.

It is doubtful if any one man could, without reference to the official listings, say whether or not a certain château was authentic. Some years ago I saw labels in Soho of a completely spurious château, with a picture of same, leaving the final choice to whatever name the merchant might concoct.

—I. Bickerstaff



Pearl Freeman

PRINCESS FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, formerly Lady Brigid Guinness, is the youngest of the Earl of Iveagh's three daughters. She married Prince Frederick of Prussia in 1945, and they live at Patmore Hall, Hadham, Hertfordshire, where they farm a considerable acreage. The Prince and Princess have three children—Frederick, William and Victoria, who was two years old last month

Priscilla in Paris

M. Guitry Attempts The Impossible

M. SACHA GUITRY'S cinematographic "digest" of three centuries of French history recently had its gala presentation to a hand-picked audience. *Si Versailles M'était Conté* has now been let loose on the multitudes at three of the biggest picture-houses in Paris, and the multitudes are queueing-up. There is a halt in front of the box-office when it is discovered that prices also have "upped," but the *hoi polloi*—that never gets free invitations—is so accustomed to paying more than it expects for its pleasures, that the halt is only momentary.

Having seen this celluloid pageant at the gala, I had no desire to sit through its three-hours' duration again, but I was

curious to see the reactions of an everyday public. I visited the biggest and most popular theatre for half an hour before the end of a mid-afternoon showing.

THE brilliant audience that left the Opera House well after midnight, and the waterproofed film fans who staggered from a boulevard cinema on a wet Sunday afternoon last week, had much in common. The same air of exhaustion and depression that can best be described by the French word *accablement*. The same inertia, the same uneasy silence and the same air of furtive discomfort.

I had the impression that sated spectators resented M. Guitry's brave attempt to achieve the impossible and were, at the same time,

ashamed of their ingratitude. I also felt sad, but this may have been mere sentimentality. Later in the day I remembered my Kipling and found myself murmuring "Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper"; ruefully perhaps, but vindictively certainly!

Nevertheless, *Si Versailles M'était Conté* must be seen. Go and see it, and may you, curate-wise, enjoy the many parts that are excellent.

It must have been something of an ordeal for Madame Coty when, officially, she made her first social appearance at the Grand Opera House for the gala première of *Oberon*. A preliminary canter at the Comédie Française a fortnight earlier no doubt helped her in the negotiation of the stately staircase that, in both theatres, leads to the Presidential box, but at the Français her outing was *en famille*, with her children. At the Opera House she played hostess to Royalty and, if one may judge from the dense phalanx crushed behind the gilded armchairs of the guests of honour, all the members of the Cabinet who are in town, to say nothing of the greater part of the Senate and the National Assembly, were crowded into the box. One had the impression that a good time was had by all, except, perhaps, the *chef du protocol*.

Whatever slight feeling of timidity may have been felt by *Madame la Présidente* must have vanished at the sound of the friendly applause that greeted her arrival with the President, and when she declared to M. Jean-Paul Faure: "This is the happiest evening in my life," it was evident that she spoke sincerely.

FOR many months we have been hearing sensational details about M. Maurice Lehmann's production of Weber's *Oberon*. The millions it has cost; the hundreds of workers who have slaved over the eight tons of décor and the 700 costumes designed by Jean-Denis Malclès; the miles of music that have been copied for the orchestra; the endless days, and—latterly—nights, of practice put in by the *corps de ballet* inexorably rehearsed by Serge Lifar, Harold Lander and Albert Aveline.

We have been astonished by the names of the stars—too numerous to set down—who have consented to sing even small parts, while the leading rôles are held by Mesdames Constantina Araugo, Denise Duval and Denise Scharley; MM. Nicolai Gedda, Romagnoni (*Oberon*) and Roger Boudin. . . . An amazing production. "Too good to be true," we scoffed from afar, but the gala faithfully proved that every promise had been kept.

We were, according to our diverse natures, dazzled, sated, deferent, scornful, admiring, speechless and delighted in bewildering degrees.

As I tossed about in bed that night, feverish and wakeful, I found myself imagining a six-ring circus by Sacha Barnum and Maurice Bailey! And "that way madness lies"!

Enfin!

● From the most recent edition of a famous novel:

"They . . . hurried down to pick up their boots. They laced them as they ran along to the shop in Oxford Street for breakfast."

A QUEEN GRACED ROMAN PALAZZO

ONE of the most splendid social events seen in Rome this century was the coming-out ball given for Princess Sandra Torlonia at her father's beautiful seventeenth-century palazzo in the centre of the city. Noble families from all over Western Europe were represented, and Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain came specially from Switzerland for this happy occasion in the life of her eldest grandchild

—Continued overleaf



H.R.H. the Countess of Barcelona with H.H. the Princess Orleans-Bourbon. The Countess's husband is Pretender to the Spanish Throne, and they live in Estoril, Portugal



Wearing superb jewels, including a tiara and necklace of diamonds, H.M. Queen Victoria Eugenie was here resting in one of the salons with the Princess del Drago. The Queen lives at La Vieille Fontaine, in Ouchy-Lausanne



Prince Alessandro Torlonia and his wife, the Infanta Beatriz, waiting for their guests



High laughter-level exchanges between diplomat Signor L. Vitelli and Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, U.S. Ambassador



In a richly decorated drawing-room, lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria sharing a sofa with Prince Victor

Continuing—

STORYBOOK BALL FOR A PRINCESS

FOOTMEN wearing the family livery of scarlet knee-breeches and dark-green embroidered coats escorted guests by torch-light across the courtyard to the Palazzo Torlonia, for Princess Sandra's ball. Then they lined the corridors, adding a final touch of colour to an evening which recalled the magnificence of the Courts of Spain and Italy. The young Princess is pictured on the frontispiece



A dance was requested of Signorina Donatella Tortima by Prince Lionello Pio di Savoia



The Marchese Guelfo di Bagno and Donna Jose del Drago were enjoying refreshment by a leaded window



A guest from London was Mr. Patrick Leigh-Fermor, writer of a famous war book. He was here with Signorina Olga Millo di Casalgiate



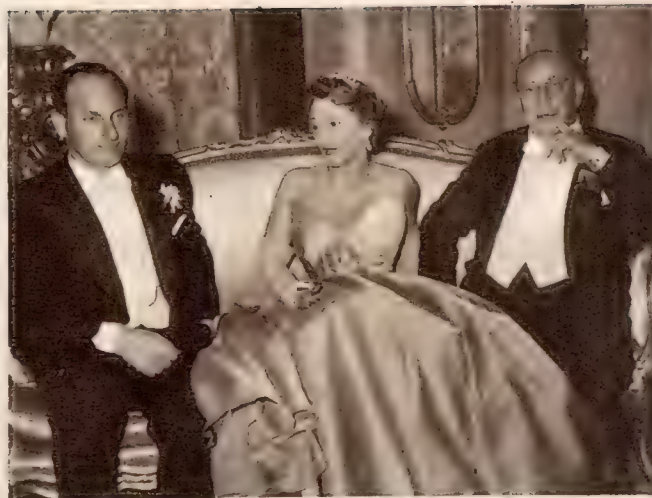
Happy group of young people consisted of Don Diego Prado, Princess Pilar, daughter of the Count of Barcelona, Senorita Rocio Falco, from Madrid, Don Julio Prado and Don Alfonso de Bourbon, son of the Duke of Segovia



om, Mme. Caro,
ia Eugenie, was
Pignatelli—



—later Mme. Caro joined Prince Alvaro of
Orleans-Bourbon (centre) and Count Marone,
son-in-law of Queen Eugenie, for a quiet conversation



Signora Parodi Delfino had as escorts between dances
Prince Alvaro of Orleans-Bourbon and the Marquis
Desio, Spanish Ambassador to Italy



The Comte and Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraignes
from Lausanne, with (centre) Countess Marone
(the Infanta Maria Cristina)



Composing a trio of smiling graces under
the candelabra were Signorinas Isabel
Sentmenat, Tona Sala and Isabel Bertran



F. J. Goodman and Brodrick Haldane
Summing up the piquant contrast of youthful charm in a baroque setting was Signorina
Letizia Signorini, who, like her friend the young Princess, also made her debut on
this occasion. She wore one of the most charming ball gowns of the evening

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

OWING to that velvet knickerbocker suit, the fancy lace collar, the hyacinthine curls, and what Harley Street to-day would recognise as an incipient Oedipus-complex, Little Lord Fauntleroy apparently grew up to be a blameless member of the House of Lords and a bit of a sap. Or so one gathers, rather disappointedly, from a recently-produced play on his later life.

Never having assumed, like some pessimist thinkers, that with such a background Fauntleroy would inevitably take to a career of villainy, we see him personally in ripper years as an ideal Governor of the Bank of England, with his frail old silver-haired Mums (still known as "Dearest" in the Money Market) at his elbow as usual. Stout, bald, dignified, popeyed and sonorous, Cedric Earl Fauntleroy would be a great boy for writing to *The Times*, especially on the dangers of that current banking-publicity based on emotion, which keeps urging clients of both sexes to sob out all their little troubles on their kindly branch-manager's breast.

Afterthought

SPECIMEN correspondence on this topic.
SIR,—With a pair of white arms round his neck and a soft, passionate voice whispering in his ear the secrets of a current account, no branch-manager can devote himself whole-heartedly to banking. Here in this Bank, although the latest half-yearly profits fell to £99,889,564/12/5½, our Directors scorn to achieve results at the price of lipstick on the collar. Verb. sap. Yours, etc., Bank of England, E.C. FAUNTLEROY, Governor.

SIR,—Cedric is too noble, too generous, to denounce the avid pack of floozies from whose orgies of self-revelation branch-managers emerge with flushed faces and smoking lips. Whither British banking? I ask as a Governor's only mother.

"DEAREST,"

Leading up at length to the front-page headline "MYSTERY BLONDE LOWERS BANK RATE," but we can't go into that now.

Blackout

PROPOS mystery blondes, the one in Beethoven's life known as the Immortal Beloved (*unsterbliche Geliebte*), who has baffled musicologist sleuths for over a century, has just been identified as a girl called Josephine von Brunsvik, we perceive. The chief clue is a long letter addressed to the Immortal Beloved

in 1812, never posted, and found among the Master's papers after death.

To an eminent critic asking himself what all this means in "Beethoven-psychology" we would deferently suggest it means to begin with a kind of mental blackout, all too familiar to gentlemen about to make a pass at some blonde. On the way to the postbox something interesting attracts their attention—a fallen horse, a citizen in a fit, a gang of men digging a hole in the road—and the blonde fades from their memory, temporarily or for all time. Some months later (we offer this theory for what it's worth) Beethoven found his letter still in his pocket and was advised by his solicitor, Herr Ewigkeit, of Ewigkeit, Ewigkeit, Ewigkeit, Waltzertraum, Leberwurst, Zeitgeist, and Ewigkeit, to let it ride. "This," said Herr Ewigkeit, smiling slightly and tapping the letter with his pincenez, "may set you back, much-respected Herr von Beethoven, some five thousand smackers." A low passionate cry from the Master would lead to a dénouement familiar to the legal mind:

"You lawyers, crouching among your dusty tomes—what do you know about immortal love?"

"In the recent case of Sauerkraut v. Goethe—"

"I adore her! My little one! My Bertha!"

Another blackout, you perceive. Such, alas, is the well-merited fate of blondes.

Change

PROMISING "a new technique in shopkeeping" before long to a critic of certain West End emporia, a salesmanship expert filled us with wild but transitory hopes that the new technique might be based on that of two dear little shops we once knew, and love for ever. One is in a small village near Ripoll, in the Spanish Pyrenees, the other is in Sussex. In each of these shops the proprietors don't give a hoot in hell if they never see you again.

After all the insincere bowings, scrapings, congees, salamalecs, and genuflexions of the West End, such dignified indifference seems to us pure pleasure. Possibly something a trifle tougher might go down better with Mayfair? By insulting and abusing his jaded smart clients the famous Parisian *cabaretier* Aristide Bruant made a packet just before World War I., as everybody knows. Here is a reception interlude, set in an exclusive hatter's, to illustrate the kind of thing we mean:

CLIENT (*entering*): I want a hat, please.

[Hatter snarls and continues with a Times crossword, grinding his teeth. Pause.]

CLIENT: ER—I want a hat.

HATTER: "Rotary excitement," four letters.

CLIENT (*nervous*): I don't know. I want—

HATTER: You'll get it. Mr. Bippy!

[Mr. Bippy emerges from the shadows, smiling evilly.]

MR. BIP: I heard you. You want a hat. One of ours, no doubt?

CLIENT (*feebly*): 6½.

MR. BIP (*furious*): None of that sort of talk here, you schizoid ape.

HATTER (*shrilly*): Have him chastised, Mr. Bippy, with the utmost rigour. He has insulted the memory of my dear mother.

MR. BIP: Mr. Slosher!

[Enter Mr. Slosher, rolling up sleeves.]

From here all sorts of interesting salesmanship-angles may develop, the object being to

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Gains three minutes a day by my watch. Sun rising earlier, I suppose"

browbeat a client to a pulp à la Bruant (above), thus creating and maintaining a rush from the Beau Monde. This is such sound psychology that we're amazed at the salesmanship boys for not thinking of it long ago.

Moment

A HOARSE cry of "He has served England nobly" wrung from a Sports Page boy contemplating a current Test batsman of heroic quality, recalled to us the curious fact that as spiritual experiences derived from cricket go, nobody seems to be familiar with the famous *bouleversement* of the Rev. John Mitford, described by himself in an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1833, reprinted by E. V. Lucas. Yet it ranks as one of the classics of the devotional literature of the game. We read it constantly.

One day Rev. Mitford called on old "Silver Billy" Beldham, one of the Early Fathers of English Cricket, at his cottage near Farnham, Surrey. Listen:

In his kitchen, black with age but, like himself, untouched by worms, hangs the trophy of his victories; the delight of his youth, the exercise of his manhood, and the glory of his age—his BAT. Reader! believe me when I tell you I trembled when I touched it! It seemed an act of profaneness, of violation. I pressed it to my lips, and returned it to its sanctuary.

St. Augustine has a passage almost equally famous for transfigured emotion, but he of course knew practically nothing about cricket. What happened after kissing Silver Billy's bat Rev. Mitford doesn't say. Maybe the locals saw a still-trembling clerical figure stumble blindly back to his carriage, and drew the worst conclusions. Maybe the squire's wife reported him to his bishop. ("Kissed a bat, Mr. Mitford? How and where did you catch it?") He died, apparently still in orders, at 78.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





Mr. Dudley Scholte and Miss Gladys Parr were admiring the fine surroundings of the guest room



The host, Lord Wilmot of Selimston, with Mr. Moran Caplet, general manager of Glyndebourne Opera



Mr. John Christie, founder of the Opera at his home in Sussex, drank a toast with Mrs. Humphrey Tomalin



Mrs. Maria Floris and Mr. Frederick Starke agreed that the next Glyndebourne season should be as exciting as ever

THE HOUSE OF LORDS was the setting for the reception given by Lord Wilmot to announce the formation of a trust which will ensure the financial future of Glyndebourne. It was the first time that a party of this sort had been held in these magnificent rooms, and many opera enthusiasts were present to give their support



Mr. Oliver Messel, the stage designer, enjoyed a joke with Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Gilbert



Mr. Norman Collins, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter and Lord Duncannon had a cocktail together before the speeches



BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE patient was on the couch in the psychiatrist's room.

"Now tell me about your dreams last night," the doctor said.

★ "Well, I dreamed I was walking down the street wearing nothing but a hat," the lady replied. ★

"And you were embarrassed?" suggested the psychiatrist.

"Indeed I was," said the patient fervently, "you see, it was last year's hat."

HE was boasting about his new car, and finished by saying: "It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it, it's so quiet that you can't hear it, and it has such perfect ignition that you can't smell it. And as for speed—why, you can't see it!"

"That's all right, old chap," said the other, "but," he added anxiously, "how do you know the bally thing is there?"

THEY were discussing an acquaintance who had recently got married.

"What I can't understand," said the first, "is how a good-looking chap like John could go and marry a plain woman twenty years older than he is."

"Oh," said the other wisely, "when you want banknotes you don't look at their dates."

LOVEBIRDS are supposed to be so devoted to each other that if one dies the other dies of a broken heart. A woman who owned a pair was unlucky enough to lose one of the birds, and immediately the other began to pine.

A friend told her to put a mirror in the cage. When she did so, the lovebird let out a happy chirp and cuddled up against the mirror and lived for two years.

Then it died—of a broken mirror.

THE vicar was calling on a parishioner, and while his hostess was getting tea, he observed that the four-year-old daughter of the house was very busy drawing.

"What are you up to, Mary?" he asked.

"I'm drawing a picture of you," she informed him.

The minister sat very still, to aid the young artist in her work, but soon the little girl seemed discouraged. She sighed and put the crayon down.

"Doesn't it look like me?" inquired her subject.

"Not so very," she said disconsolately, "but I know what," she added brightly, "I'll just put a tail on it and call it a donkey."

Clayton Evans

At The Pictures

Warmhearted Witch-Hunt



Ann Miller and Kathryn Grayson singing Cole Porter songs in "Kiss Me, Kate"

MARCEL PAGNOL is one of the few great film-makers; one who creates his own story and style. Whoever remembers the late great Raimu in the immense *César* trilogy or in the riotous *Femme du Boulanger* knows that Pagnol's work is steeped in the sunlight of Provence. Like other artists who specialise in the regional, Pagnol can attain the universal, as easily he does in

Manon des Sources (Rialto) with a parochial tale of a modern village witch-hunt.

By the end, the persecuted shepherdess (Jacqueline Pagnol) and her tormentors have been unfolded in all their pettiness, callousness, vanity, greed, superstition, lust—and in their pitiful, touching well-meaningness. All humanity here seems bathed in the warm glow of Pagnol's shrewd benevolence for the kinks of Provençal character.

Pagnol observes few conventions. Movement is often replaced by torrents of nasal, fruity words. His films are long and leisurely as life. Actors, like natural scenery, do their job. But this is a great film.

PERSONALITIES are not lacking in *The Member of the Wedding* (Berkeley), which is virtually a trio. That noble coloured actress, Ethel Waters, presides wisely and wonderfully over the kitchen setting. Brandon de Wilde, the little boy from *Shane*, is a personality in his own right. It is not wholly wrong that Julie Harris should be on a different plane, the grown-up actress imaginatively trying to re-create the thirteen-year-old, so obsessed with her brother's wedding-to-be that she makes up a part for herself in it.

Carson McCullers's original long short story was one of the most haunting fantasies of childhood imagination I have read. Fred Zinnemann's film version is a surprisingly plain transcription, but suitably sensitive and welcome.

HAD I not loved *Calamity Jane* so well I might have loved *Kiss Me, Kate* (Empire) better. For this is a stylish, high-spirited version of the stage success. Tunes are their witty selves; costumes and designs in Ansicolor delight the eye. Keenan Wynne and James Whitmore make "Brush up on Shakespeare" a gem of a duet. Vulgar debunking of Shakespeare and his times while trading on their wit and music follows an honoured and profitable tradition.

And yet . . . Temperamentally Kathryn Grayson as Kate and vivid-legged Ann Miller as Bianca seem cast contrariwise. Howard Keel is a persuasive singing Petruchio, decorative and good to hear. But I was troubled by a disproportion between the huge amount of singing and dancing talent totalled by these three and the small sum—compared with *The Member of the Wedding*—of their personalities.

Audience-bombarding apart, if what we want from films is an illusion of the stage in depth, admittedly this time 3-D gives it.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Army team were Gunner J. Torrens, R.H.A., 2nd Lt. J. Lakeman, R. Signals, 2nd Lt. N. Harrison, 3rd Hussars, Major T. Varley, R.A., Lt.-Col. R. Readhead, D.S.O., 12th Lancers, 2nd Lt. R. Hooper, 2nd K.R.R.C., Lt. M. Sutton-Pratt, R. Signals, Rifleman F. Morland, 1 K.R.R.C.

COMBINED OPERATION IN SWISS MOUNTAINS

ARMY ski-ers took the major honours when the British Services Ski Championships—inaugurated in 1914—were held at St. Moritz. After the racing a reception and cocktail party was given, at which winners and losers alike received congratulations on their sportsmanship.



2nd Lt. Robin Hooper, who took first place in every section, smiled happily after winning the slalom



Watching were Miss C. Hinde and Miss J. Wardrop-Moore, reserves of the British Ladies' Ski Team



Major Hubert Martineau with M. Henri Martin at the cocktail party which was held in the Schweizerhof Bar



Lord Brabazon of Tara, veteran rider of the Cresta, received the badge of the R.A.F. Association from the Marquis de Amodio



R. H. Schloss

W/Cdr. R. C. E. Scott, Air Attaché in Berne, Mr. Aris Vatimbella and W/Cdr. W. Crawford-Compton, D.S.O., D.F.C.



ON THE SKI-LIFT AT AROSA were Miss Elizabeth Benn, daughter of Mr. Glanvill Benn the publisher, and Miss Robin Van Houten, daughter of Major-General J. G. Van Houten, of the U.S. Army in Europe

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

The New Tyranny

TO-MORROW IS ALREADY HERE, by Robert Jungk (Hart-Davis; 16s.), is sub-titled "Scenes from a Man-made World," and is, in my view, as grim a book as we are likely to have for many a season. For here is a picture, *not* of swift mass-extinction under atomic warfare, but of the slow subjugation of humanity by inhuman forces now taking place in atomic peacetime.

"Man," stated Shelley, viewing with mistrust the dawn of the Industrial Age, "having enslaved the elements, remains himself a slave"—and if that seemed so to the poet in 1821, how would he rate our predicament now?

This book, in a haunting series of verbal photographs (with which go actual photographs, dread and bizarre), offers us instances of the new tyranny. The scene, in all cases, is the United States—that country forming the *avant-garde* of the scientific and technical advancement that the whole world is striving now to attain. Mr. Herbert Agar, who as an eminent American addresses his Introduction to British readers, does very properly point out that the *whole* of his country is not as shown here. "These horrors," Mr. Agar admits, "exist in the United States, as they exist throughout our threatened society." But, he adds, "let no European assume that he is absolved from the guilt. We are all in some part citizens of this degenerate 'to-morrow.'"

MR. AGAR'S "horrors" are conveyed to us with the force with which they impacted on Herr Jungk—who, since his youth, when he entered the field as a formidable anti-Nazi journalist, has dedicated his pen to the cause of freedom. (His career, with its perils and ordeals, has been outlined for us in the Introduction.)

We should not be surprised [remarks Mr. Agar] that the author, after such a life-experience, is sensitive to any symptom of inhumanity and "sniffs the approach of tyranny on every tainted breeze." . . . The author is attacking a deformity of the whole Western world—the materialism which, if continued, must dehumanise us.

We are to see how, hating the modern heresy, Mr. Jungk seeks to pinpoint it in its purest form. He writes in a manner austere, sane and, so far as possible, detached: decidedly, we are dealing with no alarmist! Moreover, the fact that his known integrity and high professional reputation have secured him entry to the United States top-secret, heavily-guarded places in itself guarantees Herr Jungk for the reader.

His theme, then, is mankind's increasing drift towards personal and human obliteration under the influences of so-called "progress." In depicting dire, extreme cases he (true to his trust) betrays no technical secrets—nor do those, in fact, concern him: he is concerned to show the state of mind, the psychological atmosphere prevailing inside those sealed-off communities, and how, with time, the "deadness" may spread to infect the average modern world—the home, the office, the factory.

WE spend a day in Los Alamos, the atomic city—citadel-like on a rocky plateau in New Mexico. Richland, in the State of Washington, locale of the Hanford Plutonium Works, is straightforwardly designated "A Bit of Hell." Here, among 30,000 inhabitants, "fear of contagion through the invisible radioactive particles and rays amounts to an obsession." To discourage Richland youngsters from touching *anything*, a cautionary frightful figure has been invented: "the White Man."

In "Gomorra in the Desert" (Las Vegas, Nevada) we meet a housewife hopelessly whistling for her little dog, which, unnerved by an atomic explosion, beat it for saner scenes and has not returned yet—poor senseless beast! In the person of Ellenton, South Carolina, we are introduced to a comely small town, dear to its inhabitants, now under death-sentence: with two or three more it is to be levelled to the ground to make room for a new complex of atomic factories: meanwhile its neighbour, the once-charming Augusta, is being demoralised by the boom caused by the influx of thousands of restless workers.

NOT less awesome is the section called "Grasping at Heaven." We are present at the firing-off of a rocket—"Irene"—who, to the disappointment of all, displays a feminine giddiness. At Muroc Lake, California, we are to learn what is required of a test pilot: literally he is built into his machine. "The modern supersonic pilot is installed in the machine he is going to fly like an unfortunately still irreplaceable component of its mechanism." In the aviation medicine laboratory at San Antonio, Texas, man's defects as an adjunct to the machine are being, so far as possible, corrected. Never before, Mr. Jungk avers, has the human species been subjected to such systematic and searching tests as in these laboratories (what is gone through amounts, in effect, to torture).

[Continued on page 376]



THE FIRST PRODUCTION MODEL of the Series II. Comet taking off at full load. In January it made a new record by flying from London to Khartoum, 3064 miles, in 6 hours 22 minutes, an average of more than 481 m.p.h. The pilot was G/Capt. J. Cunningham and co-pilot Mr. P. Bugge

Flying

Oliver Stewart

The New W.R.A.F. Uniform

WOMEN being sworn enemies of uniformity, when they do wear uniform they must always be to some extent a scorn and a hissing among men. There is the greater reason to call in the best dress designers to use their skill in taking the "toy soldier" line out of the Service dress to which women must submit themselves when they join the forces. When the Air Ministry invited me to have a look at the new Women's Royal Air Force uniforms I accepted only with the dreariest forebodings. It is good to be able to report that these forebodings were soon removed.

Air Commandant Salmon explained that the old W.R.A.F. uniform was based upon the Service dress of the Royal Air Force; but that the new uniform had been designed by Victor Stiebel as a special study. The things I liked about the new dress were the absence of breast pockets, the slightly flared skirt and—especially—the court shoes.

It was indeed worth going to a great deal of trouble to obtain those improvements.

The dress show was at the Air Ministry, and the W.R.A.F. officers and airwomen who did the modelling had a considerable ordeal to face when the cameramen went into action. They did their job well and showed not only the ordinary uniforms, but also the new one-piece tropical dress. The new uniforms will be seen early next year.

A PAINFUL duty now falls upon me. It is to admonish some of my old friends in the British aircraft industry for lack of precision in the statements they make about their own aeroplanes; a defect which might have serious consequences upon the sales of British aircraft abroad. An example was provided when a message reached me about the Blackburn Beverley now on order

for the Royal Air Force. It had been doing a number of trials and the statement was issued that it had been carrying "fifteen hundred gallons of water" by way of load.

Now the question is, what is 1500 gallons of water? It depends upon the nationality of the reader. A citizen of the United States of America would say that it meant a weight of about 12,300 lb., or 5600 kilograms; but a citizen of the United Kingdom would say that it meant a weight of about 15,400 lb., or 7000 kilograms. Citizens of all other countries could take their choice, for they would have no clue whatever to the true meaning. This is not a matter of small differences; but of massive differences.

And now it is desirable to point out that, if the metric system had been used and the statement made that the aircraft carried 5600 litres or 7000 litres of water, according to the facts, *nobody in the world could have been in doubt about exactly what was meant.* There is only one kind of litre as there is

only one kind of kilogram. But there are two very different kinds of gallon. One day the aircraft industry and, in fact, aviation in general will have to decide whether it intends to use scientific, international measures (the metric system) or the amazing hotch-potch of inane units to which it now commits itself.

THE Beverley itself is coming along well. In spite of its great size it is handy on the ground and in the air, and it can use grass strips for take-off and landing. It is the latest representative of those aeroplanes which place most emphasis upon the severely practical values. Events have shown that, however great the advances in speed and rates of climb, however remarkable the effects of improved streamlining and of improved equipment and automaticity, there is always room for the aircraft that is cut down to the simplest essentials.

The success of the aerial car ferry services (I hesitate to name a company because recent events have left me uncertain which company runs aircraft or ocean liners or both) is largely the outcome of the severe practicality of the Bristol Freighter.

In this same class of practical types of aircraft the de Havilland Beaver takes a high place. The Beaver with the Alvis Leonides engine is one of the most remarkable of the "useful" aeroplanes. Modified in some respects, with a change in wing incidence, the Leonides Beaver's performance has been improved, and in such things as load carried for take-off and landing runs it stands supreme in its class.



ONE OF THE MOST PRACTICAL of to-day's transport aircraft is the de Havilland Beaver. Here in flight is the Series II., with Alvis Leonides engine

A GOOD many air events are in the offing, among them the announcement of the plans for this year's international gliding championship meeting, and the Boscombe Down dinner; but I shall have to delay writing about these things until a future date. I cannot as yet even attempt to predict how the gliding championships will go. The organisation of the meeting appears to be in good hands.

Motorless flying has had a curious career in this country. Although we have produced sailplane pilots of the finest class, there does not seem to be any noticeable public enthusiasm for the activity. Possibly the introduction of the international element may change things. Often it requires just that pressure to make the British public interested, and through them to make those who might themselves take up the sport interested.



Angus McBean

Miss Anne Allnatt, the cinema's youngest director, made the opening speech welcoming the audience. The film, a masterpiece of sustained tension, is directed by H. G. Clouzot

"THE WAGES OF FEAR" was chosen for the gala premiere at the Academy Cinema, given to mark its reopening after a complete redecoration. A distinguished audience was present to acclaim the film, awarded the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1953



Lady Churchill, one of the guests of honour, was welcomed by Mr. Ingram Frazer, managing director of Films de France



D. R. Stuart

HONITON XV. Back row : F. Turner, T. Wilson, M. Bonetta, M. Howards, D. Pulman, T. George, H. M. Kenwood (hon. sec.), Middle row : H. C. Wallis (hon. treas.), D. C. Stone, D. Stone, A. Long, G. Pitts-Tucker, D. Locke, B. Maycock, G. Russell, C. N. Hatcher (chairman), H. E. Carnell. Sitting : D. Ellett, J. Warren, R. Hill (captain), P. Murrey (vice-captain), J. Retter

Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

HONITON

AN interesting sidelight on the difficulties of transport before the advent of the combustion engine is recalled by the descriptive extract from the records of the Honiton Rugby Football Club.

In 1884 a brightly-polished brake, drawn by three greys and one roan, set off from the Dolphin Hotel, driven by mine host, Harry Banfield. On board were a carefree and jubilant party of side-whiskered and moustached young men journeying to Budleigh Salterton for the first match of the newly-formed club.

Of that original team two old stalwarts, Major H. H. Lilley and Louis Wood, have survived the passing years.

The club has occupied various grounds on the outskirts of the noted lace town, but shortly before World War Two it moved to the more centrally situated ground of All Hallows School when the school migrated to Rousden, near Lyme Regis. It was a great misfortune to local Rugby when the school left Honiton, for it had provided the clubs with many fine players, including a master, P. L. Nicholas, who was a member of the Devon County side that won the County championship in 1901, and of the England team the following year.

LACK of support in the early years of the century caused a crisis in the affairs of Honiton, and its very existence was in danger. In that hour of need Harold Carnell, a master of Honiton School, successfully reorganised the club, and for nearly half a century rendered invaluable service.

At one time the club was recognised as one of the best sides in the West Country, and several members gained county honours. Among these were W. Brock, A. Woodrow, E. Munt, W. Davey, W. E. Sprake, R. Nott and C. Beer for Devon, A. Carter (Surrey) and L. G. Bassett (Middlesex). After a period of uneventful years, Honiton reached the final of the Devon Junior Cup in 1926-27, only to lose to Paignton, but the following three years won the trophy and promotion to senior status.

Following the end of hostilities after World War Two, the club enjoyed a number of successful years, but last season was probably the worst in its history, both playing and financially, and severe economies have had to be made. But with the cheery optimism of Rugger men the present difficulties are gradually being overcome.

The chief officials of the club are Dr. J. E. Finlay, the old Irish international, president; C. N. Hatcher, chairman, and H. M. Kenwood, secretary.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NORTHAMPTON-BORN Malcolm Arnold is one of our most promising contemporary composers, and it is pleasing to see that his "Homage to the Queen," presented at Covent Garden on Coronation night, is now available on a record. It was specially written as the Sadler's Wells Company's tribute to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II., and is played by the Philharmonia Orchestra with Robert Irving conducting, giving us a most enjoyable performance throughout. The recording is first rate, and the technical staff concerned have done the composer proud. (H.M.V. CLP 1011.)

After studying at the Royal College of Music, Arnold joined the London Philharmonic Orchestra as trumpeter, returning as first trumpeter after the war. In 1948 he won a Mendelssohn Scholarship and went to Italy for a year, since when he has devoted all his time to composition. His First Symphony dates from 1949, his Second, written for Bournemouth's fiftieth anniversary celebrations, from 1953. Now that his name has reappeared in the supplements, it is hoped that his fate will not be like that of several other worthwhile young contemporary composers, whose works are persistently overlooked by the recording companies. A recording of Arnold's Second Symphony should certainly be placed on the stocks.

Robert Tredinnick

DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

VISIT to an exhibition of contemporary painting and sculpture leaves me, as usual, between stupefaction and envy. An upbringing positively Victorian in its determination that I should learn to do a lot of things rather badly rather than one thing well, has left me with a sketchy impression of music, dressmaking, astronomy, child psychology, skating, lacrosse, English-French-and-Roman-literature, how to mend fuses and *haute cuisine*.

No educational cramming could teach me how to draw and paint. I spent the whole of one term at school trying to get the same towel-horse down on gradually-greying paper—the next term I graduated to a milk-jug in two tones of beige—the third I designed a repetitive pattern for wallpaper, at a time when all interior decoration was conducted in plain off-white. Early in life I knew I couldn't draw—but I have never been resigned to the fact. As some are stage-struck, I am hopelessly art-struck.

A terrible thing about this obsession is that I don't even *know what I like*. I am as likely to be struck dumb by a couple of



gamboge fish's eyes staring out of a peacock-blue cabbage as by a comfortably representational Provençal landscape (with cypresses). Normally this has purely academic significance—if I am stuck for an Opinion I can always read the reviews and strike an average.

AT this Exhibition, however, there is a raffle, winner to choose from over 400 paintings and sculptures. I have never won anything in a raffle, but one has to start some time, so naturally I am forced to spend much effort making up my mind which picture, should I win, would go best with a décor of Victorian mahogany and the portrait of great-great-grandmother Sophia in white muslin over an odd Empire brassiere.

It is no use just listening to what the other people at the Exhibition are saying about the pictures, because how am I to know whether they really *know* or are just like me? For a time I stand fascinated before a squiggle in solid bronze, entitled *Egocentric*, but at last decide that it will collect dust, get damaged by children and charladies, and has obviously been designed for a real entrance hall—not one cluttered



Eric Coop

LIONEL, ANGELA AND CELIA are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Brooke of Sarawak—where until recently they lived. Lionel is at Eton, while his sisters are at school near their parents' country home in Sussex. Their father is the nephew of Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, G.C.M.G., Rajah of Sarawak from 1917 to 1946 in succession to his father and great-uncle

up with overcoats, roller-skates and books to be taken back to the library.

After much wandering I make up my mind to settle for an Owl, which is not painting or sculpture, but is composed entirely of intricate patchwork. This is not merely fascinating to look at but will provide conversation far into the future. In no time at all I have crossed out all the other hieroglyphics on my catalogue and am busily sitting on a sofa, staring glassily at the Owl, and wondering whether it will be all right to get some new cushions to pick up the yellow in the Owl's eyes. I also, mentally, shift Sophia into the hall and move all the furniture so that the Owl is the room's focal point, which will mean new lampshades.

Then it is the Draw, and I sit on tenterhooks. It is quite incredible (the Owl is almost mine by now), when the winning number turns out to be somebody else's. . . . Perhaps it is not quite like imagining for a whole week-end, as people have been known to do, that you have won the Irish Sweep or the Pools—yet at home the drawing-room looks peculiarly empty. I shall really have to get *something* for that blank patch on the wall where the Owl was.

SOME time ago, confronted at luncheon by an appetising slice of egg-and-breadcrumbed veal, my second son pushed the plate away and announced with a dedicated expression that he was now a vegetarian. This fever has appeared in my family before—inspired from heaven knows where. The eldest is sternly vegetarian in principle—it is one of the things he is going to be when he grows up, although, realising that the one place where you had better not have Ideas about food in is an English public school, he has consented to waive vegetarianism until he achieves a university. During the

holidays, however, he symbolically adds a hunk of mousetrap cheese to most meals.

As one who has always made a point of getting the children's palates accustomed to things like soufflés and scampi for nursery supper, I feel that this is a sorry return. It is so difficult to be a *Cordon Bleu* about lentils.

IS not so liberal-minded as his brother. For meal after meal he not only spurns the dish offered, but subjects all partaking of it to a barrage of propaganda. When fried sole or such is offered, he retorts with horrific descriptions of a sinister educational film about Fishing (in my view classifiable as "X") in which fish are portrayed as gasping for breath for an unconscionable time before dying. He also paints lurid pictures of innocent calves and lambs torn from their mothers and herded to the slaughter, so that even my own iron nerve and monumental greed



falter, while my tender-hearted daughter bursts into tears and moans: "Why can't I be a vegetarian too?"

The difficulties of a modern parent are so much more than those faced when one simply slapped the child sharply and told it to eat up what was on its plate. Convention compels me to be tolerant, to encourage individuality, also to educate the youthful palate. I am torn between the urge to rush to a child psychologist or to cook so many nut cutlets that the children get sick of them.

—Diana Gillon



John French

Fashion Choice of the Week

WE have picked this week a suit in blue-grey and white saxyony, with a fitted jacket, which we consider one of the best between-season models we have seen for a long time. Notice the flattering way the stripes are worked over the bust and the long, moulded waistline, also the gentle, unbroken curve of the shoulder and sleeve. The very slim skirt has a single pleat at the back for easy movement. This suit, priced at 24½ gns., comes from Jacqmar's ready-to-wear collection at 16 Grosvenor St. The hat is by Madge Chard

— MARIEL DEAN

Mariel Deans Presents—

LONDON AND PARIS



Lachasse. Dress and jacket in navy blue wild silk. The short-sleeved dress has all fullness swept to the back. The little fitted bolero curves down to a mess-jacket point at the back



Mattli. This street dress is made of a burgundy and white rayon tweed with burgundy-coloured saddle-stitching outlining the revers and the short sleeves



LONDON DAY

Victor Stiebel. A fitted top-coat in cerise velour has its much-darted waist made still smaller by contrast with outstanding hip pockets. It is worn over a white silk marocain afternoon dress with short sleeves



Hardy Amies's "Burgeon." The top coat in green and grey tweed is cut with a collar that follows the line of the wide spoon-shaped yoke and gently rounded shoulders. Seven-eighths length, it is worn with a coat and skirt of green and grey worsted suiting



Michael. This grey and white check tweed suit is double-breasted and has a curved basque emphasized by the low placed pockets. Notice the squared shoulders and the elegantly narrow skirt

COLLECTIONS

WE show on these pages and over-leaf drawings and photographs of models from the recent London and Paris dress collections. London designers show contemporary clothes that they will be making during the coming season, chiefly for their private clients, though they are also selling models to Canada, Australia and, in some cases, to the United States.

The Paris clothes have been made for an international market and will influence the whole trend of fashion for the next six months. There are always designs that are launched merely as straws in the wind or to accustom us to a new outline or to reap press publicity, but the clothes illustrated will, we think, be seen in the forefront of the social picture during the coming season



John Cavanagh. This short dinner dress in "Lava" grey shantung trimmed with pink shantung, has a separate sleeved jacket. The pink rose petal hat is by Simone Mirman



Ronald Paterson. Mimosa yellow dull silk jersey, beautifully draped and classically undating, makes this model which earned much applause when seen at the press show



Norman Hartnell. Pink satin bodice and white satin skirt are linked by pink lace flower motifs that border the pink satin panel which gives added fullness at the back



LONDON
NIGHT

Digby Morton's beautiful golden chiffon evening dress has a lattice-worked bodice and prettily falling shoulder knots. It is called "Twenty Two Carat"

Alec Murray

Continuing—
**LONDON
 AND
 PARIS**



Balmain. A rose-pink wool coat trimmed with hem stitching is worn over a grey wool dress which shows the typical Balmain bodice line



Jacques Fath. A navy-blue wool afternoon dress with a black petersham corselet belt, has a bow at the back above much back-fullness



Hermès. This brown and white diagonal check tweed country-suit has a loosely fitting jacket with leather buttons and trimming. The little cap is made to match



**PARIS
 DAY**

Jacques Fath remains faithful to those drooping brim hats now popularly known as "Eva Bartoks." This model, in white felt, is worn with a low-waisted white jersey frock and a navy-blue top coat, a colour combination much used in this collection



Chanel. Navy-blue, heavily ribbed wool dress trimmed with white grosgrain. The front of the bodice is pleated



Natalie. The newest night-gowns are neither fitted nor sashed but fall in full gathers from the shoulders. This one is in rose ciêpe-de-Chine with burgundy coloured lace



Dior's "dejeuner-cîner" ensemble in thick black silk, with a long, much-waisted jacket, is worn over a chemise-topped dress. The flat brimmed hat has a floppy bathing-cap crown of silk



Schiaparelli. This vivid green ribbed silk dinner dress is worked with shocking-pink embroidery and worn with shocking-pink gloves



PARIS NIGHT

A romantic picture frock by Maggy Rouff in soft blue tulle with a long, swathed bodice and a draped satin sash



Balenciaga. A black tulle dinner dress, one of a series of brilliant hostess-gowns by this house, is fastened by a line of very small white roses



Lanvin. White tulle dress with a gold satin fringed shawl-collar embroidered with silver and gold beads. Beneath it is a little gold satin fichu, again fringed and embroidered

SHOPPING



To pin on your dress or float in a bowl on your table, these delicate flowers in soft pastel shades. Spray of two, with leaves, price 4s. 6d. From Swan & Edgar



FIRST TOUCHES OF SPRING

WITH spring just ahead, there comes to most of us a zephyr of March madness. Shop windows offer plenty of opportunity for reckless spending: we are in the mood for new things to wear and novelties to furbish the home. Here are some to lighten the heart and the pocket

—JEAN CLELAND



Fresh as spring itself are these green maple-leaf table mats. Price £1 3s. 6d. for a set of six large and six small. Obtainable from Fortnum & Mason



This little fisherman's cap shaped headgear, thickly encrusted with sequins, is just the thing for a party. £2 14s. 6d. from French of London



Smart notes for spring frocks. Silver dragon disc medallion, £2 19s. 6d., silver chunky bracelet with dice, £3 9s. 6d., topaz-coloured ring, £2 9s. 6d., matching ear-rings, £1 19s. 6d. Rings to fit any finger with sapphire and amethyst coloured stones, £1 19s. 6d. All from Fenwicks



Fenwicks also have these attractive gloves, to match the material of your frock and strike an original note at spring parties. They cost 18s. 11d. per pair

Dennis Smith

BEAUTY

Make-up To Match Your Gown

DRESS and make-up. The two are inseparable, and no sooner had the leading couturiers in London and Paris produced their collections, than the beauty experts were busy working out colour harmonies to blend with them.

The variety of lovely shades worn at the recent shows seems to have been as mixed as those of the flowers in a posy. Some, however, stand out as likely to be the most representative of smart wear for the coming season. Navy blue, for instance, has superseded the grey which has been prime favourite for so long. There are soft blues, too, and variations of pink, rose and coral. Fashion experts back from Paris tell me they were enchanted with the lovely prints patterned with every kind of flower, and looking as gay as a summer garden.

In London, the accent was very largely on different shades of beige right through to "mud-pack" brown, and for all these the beauty experts have worked out make-up ranges.

SEVERAL of the best known cosmetic-Sians arranged the make-up for various collections.

Charles of the Ritz was one who provided this service for the mannequins employed by John Cavanagh, Lachasse, Michael and Ronald Paterson. One of his most successful combinations was the "Flare Red" lipstick worn with Cavanagh's Yellow-Reds and Michael's lovely—but rather difficult—Tangerine shade. A charming eye-shadow effect was created for blondes, with "Sea-Green" for the day, and "Hyacinth" on top of it for evening. Brunettes wore "Flare Green" shadow for the day, with "Violet" shaded on for evening.

For the different shades of blue in the Jacques Fath collection, the models wore Elizabeth Arden make-up, which was specially designed—so the Arden experts tell me—"to give a look of springtime freshness." This was achieved by the use of a brand new "Lido Venice Pink"—shortly available here—used under Paradise Pink.

PINK seems to have appeared in most of the collections, and for the pale delicate ones, Arden suggests "Lido Venice" with "Pink Perfection" as being a charming combination. For rose and warmer tones her choice is "Surprise," and for more golden pinks, of the "sunset" variety, "Rose Ciel," which is equally flattering with soft greens. Yellows and golds look lovely with "April-May"; mauves, lilacs and cyclamens with "Sky Blue Pink," which has a slightly "bluey" undertone.

Atkinson's have concentrated on the beiges and browns so much in evidence in the London collections, and have teamed up ranges of make-up to go with the latest fashion shades in Jacmar Fabrics. For stone patterned with brown, and for a plain pale beige stone, they advise "Honey Velvet" foundation cream and powder, and a new "Red Claret" lipstick with "Garnet" rouge. For a warm beige patterned with white, their complementary make-up is "Naturelle" foundation cream, "Dreamy Pink" powder, "Pink Opal" rouge, and "Mayfair Pink" lipstick, which is another of their latest shades.

Yardley has created a very lovely new lipstick as a complement to the latest fashion colours, Citrus, Tobacco, Tan and Sherry. This very exciting shade is called "Rose Coral," and replaces their "Vivid," which is shortly being withdrawn from the market. —J. C.



Finesse: nail varnish to tone with the lipstick, and with the stripes of the dress

ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Barbara Hope, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Rankeillour, of Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. Peter Drummond-Murray, elder son of Mr. Edward John Drummond-Murray, of Richmond, Surrey, and of Mrs. E. Drummond-Murray, of Bournemouth



J. Cecil Gould

Miss Jill Louise Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Chapman, of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alan Vincent Mayden, of Weybridge, Surrey, and Goring-by-Sea, Sussex



Fayer

Miss Zaidee Honeywood, second daughter of Col. Sir William Honeywood, of Twinstead Manor, near Sudbury, Suffolk, and of the late Lady Honeywood, is to marry Lt.-Cdr. Douglas I. Haywood, R.N., only son of Col. and Mrs. A. H. W. Haywood, of Lower Ward, Windsor Castle



William Arlow

BOLT—REYNOLDS

Lt. Peter R. Bolt, R.N., only son of the late Mr. Henry Bolt and of Mrs. B. Hawken, of Devon, married at the Church of Our Lady and St. Peter, Leatherhead, Surrey, Miss Margaret Mary Reynolds, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Reynolds, of Braeside, Agates Lane, Ashted, Surrey

**ARDEN-WHITE—WOODALL**

Mr. Charles Thompson Arden-White, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arden-White, of Torquay, Devon, and Miss Rosemary Norah Louise Woodall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Woodall, of Rofant Road, Northwood, Middlesex, married at Holy Trinity, Northwood

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

**HAIGHTON—GRIMSHAW**

The marriage took place at St. Peter's Church, Burnley, Lancs, between Mr. Frederic Ian Haighton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haighton, of The Cottage, Blacko, Nelson, and Miss Susan Mary Grimshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Grimshaw, of Barden Lodge, Burnley

**DE VERE—PARKER**

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Mr. Roger D. De Vere, son of Mr. G. L. D. De Vere, of Wrotham Hill, Kent, and of Mrs. A. C. Richmond, of Chelsea, S.W.3, married Miss Elizabeth Crothers Parker, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald Parker, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa

**ABBOTT—SUTTON**

Mr. Paul Middleton Abbott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil M. Abbott, of Downing Court, Brunswick Square, W.C.1, and Miss Pamela Patricia Sutton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Harry Sutton, of Eaton Square, London, S.W.1, married recently at St. Michael's, Chester Square

**ARMES—THOMSON**

Mr. Philip Arthur Harcourt Armes, only son of the late Mr. A. H. H. Armes, and of Mrs. J. F. Barr, of Abinger Hammer, Surrey, married at Chelsea Old Church Miss Elizabeth Mona Thomson, only daughter of the late Mr. R. Thomson and of Mrs. Thomson, of Birkdale, Southport



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Book Reviews (Continuing from page 363)

SPARK OF HOPE FOR SCIENCE

"How can man be fitted to keep pace with his new higher and faster flying machines? Will he remain, as the chief engineer of a large California aircraft firm unflatteringly expressed it to me, 'a drag on progress'?"

"An Air Force instructor whose lectures I attended at the famous academy for flying cadets at Randolph Field, formulated the outlook in the following categorical assertion: 'Measured by the flying tasks which lie ahead of him man is a faulty construction.'

"And eighty cadets noted down the simplification further simplified: 'Man . . . a faulty construction.'"

The arts of peace, the progression of housekeeping, commerce, market-gardening and farming towards the Bigger and Better are no less unfavourably studied in *Tomorrow Is Already Here*. Imperial Valley, California, is so propitious a spot, "a big natural hothouse," for the raising of fruit and vegetables that Mr. Jungk had the impression of having come upon an immense factory under the open sky . . . the same fruits and vegetables could often be harvested three or four times in the course of a single year. The work is organized as on a large conveyor belt. . . . Several firms have purchased searchlights from surplus army stocks, and let their people work the whole night through, to have their produce ready before the season begins.

A MORE shocking chapter, "The Animal As A Machine," lays bare the methods of the "progressive" farmer. Not only quadrupeds suffer: one productivity drive demanded further pressure on bees—by no means so busy, science had found, as they could and should be. In Wyoming, Texas and Nevada you meet cowboys still using lassos—but they are of spun nylon; and straying cattle are rounded up by plane. Nor, to judge by Herr Jungk's accounts of "soul-engineering" and "the mechanical brain" (designed soon to extrude the faultily human office-worker), should man hope to fare more happily than the brute creation.

However, the final chapter strikes a less desperate note: in the Princeton Institute for Advanced Studies intellect still burns pure, like a guarded flame. Here, the hope is to return science to what it used to stand for: truth for truth's sake—to redeem science, in fact, from its demeaning enslavement by power-seekers. The evil, we are to see, began with man's "convulsive grasp at omnipotence." May man yet learn to be humbler—and in time! For, "in spite of everything," a Princeton speaker considers, "there is still hope."

★ ★ ★

THAT the *past* was not totally sunny we are reminded by Vaughan Wilkins's new novel, *FANFARE FOR A WITCH* (Cape, 12s. 6d.). This story deals with a mystery overcasting the early family life of the House of Hanover—why did George II and his wife Caroline so dislike their unfortunate elder son, Frederick Prince of Wales? Their detestation of him, which is on record, has never been explained by any historian; and very shocking indeed it appears to be. Mr. Wilkins, long intrigued by the attitude of that otherwise not inhuman royal couple, advances his private theory (which is ingenious) as to why they had come to feel as they did.

Frederick, as we know, never came to the throne: his father outlived him, and was succeeded by Frederick's son, our George III. We are given a sympathetic portrait (how closely historic I do not know) of the honest, anxious, ill-used young man and his terrified child-wife, Augusta. Frederick, longing to escape from the frowning shadows of the parental palace, shows a natural wish for happiness and adventure: his and Augusta's brief holiday at Crosse Wells, a delightful spa, brings valued friendships into his life (time: 1737). Not the least of his pleasures is the encounter with the glamorous Empress of Morocco, Shems-ed-Douha, whose royal tour of England starts with an accident in a coach.

SHEMS (so we call the lady, for short) is the benevolent witch for whom fanfares sound. She is of an incredible versatility—and, in fact, rather wore your reviewer down by her lightning changes of rôle and temperament. Before we know, she is out of her Eastern draperies and into a farthingale (or somesuch) and, with winsome cherry bows tied under her chin, is masquerading as someone's débutante niece. Her destination, I feel, may—and should—be Hollywood.

Mr. Vaughan Wilkins—known to many of you as author of *And So—Victoria*—has successfully packed his plot with suspense, drama and lively characters. One critic, I see, opines that he is becoming the Stanley Weyman of our day: his work still lacks, I find, that heroic element which accounted for Stanley Weyman's spell, nor has he that master's speed and simplicity. *Fanfare For A Witch* is, as a canvas, possibly too crowded; or else we are "inside" too many people. But there is a zestful atmosphere; there are a number of highly effective scenes, and (as has been already said) one grows fonder and fonder of poor dear Frederick. As for Mr. Wilkins's theory: dear me, can it be true?

MRS. J. R. BATEMAN

IN our issue of January 27 we published photographs of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Ball. A member of one of the groups was incorrectly described as Mrs. J. R. Bateman. We regret the error and apologize to Mrs. J. R. Bateman, of 6 St. John's House, Smith Square, Westminster, the wife of Mr. J. R. Bateman, for any inconvenience occasioned to her.

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SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES



TRAIN UP A WIFE, ETC.

"I PRESUME THE LADY IS AWARE THIS IS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT?"

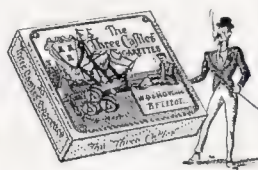
"THE LADY IS WELL AWARE OF THE FACT, SIR; AND, BEING MY WIFE, SHE KNOWS BETTER THAN TO OBJECT."

[More likely the Good Lady is mutely envious of his Great Fortune in being able to enjoy, during the journey, the Exceptional Delight of a "THREE CASTLES" Cigarette—a Delight which she, heretofore, has been able to pursue only in the Privacy of her Boudoir.]

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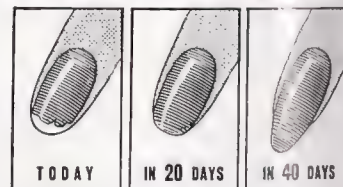
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4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

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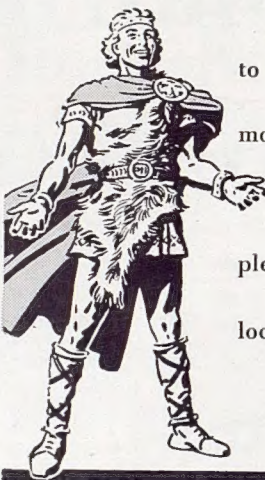
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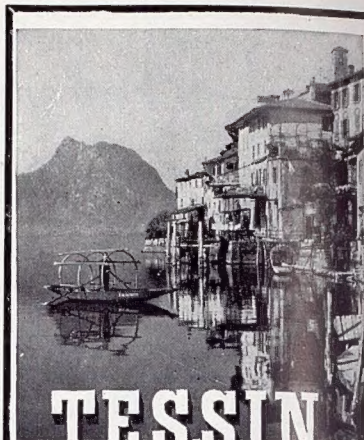
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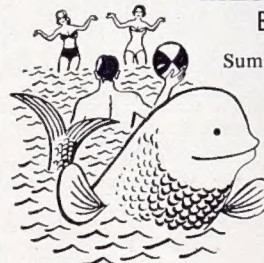
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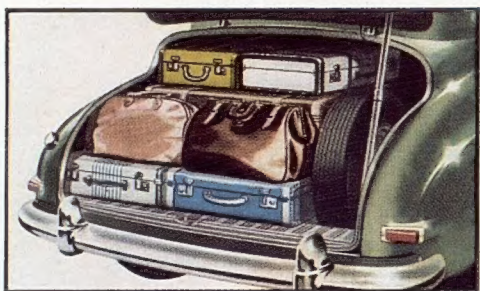
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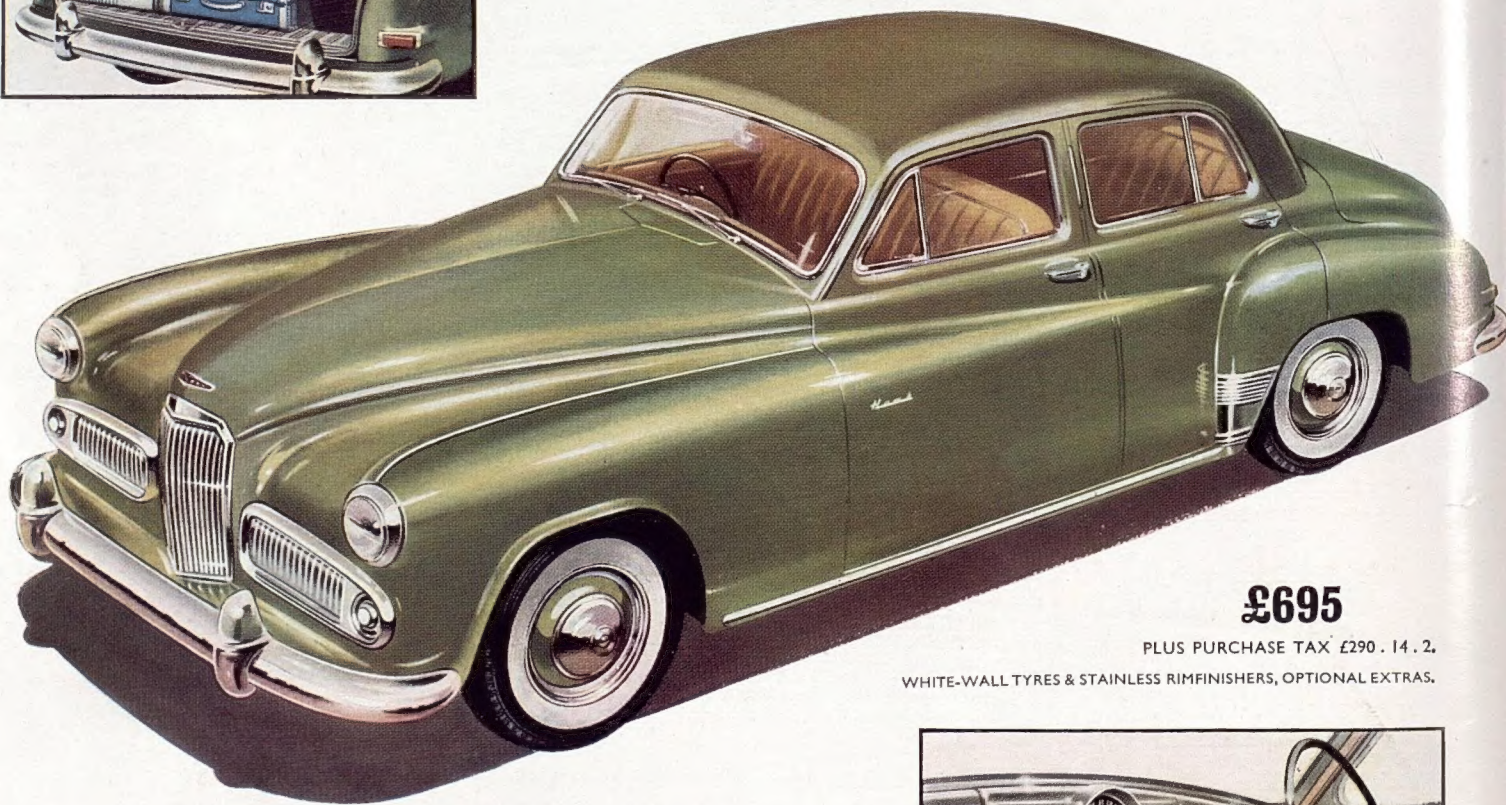
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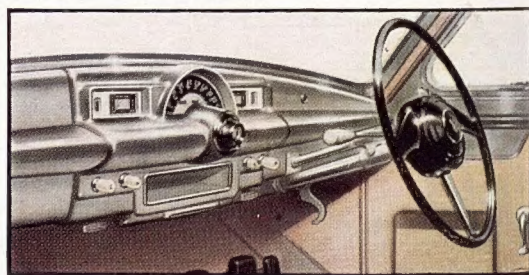


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